THE CALIFORNIAN.

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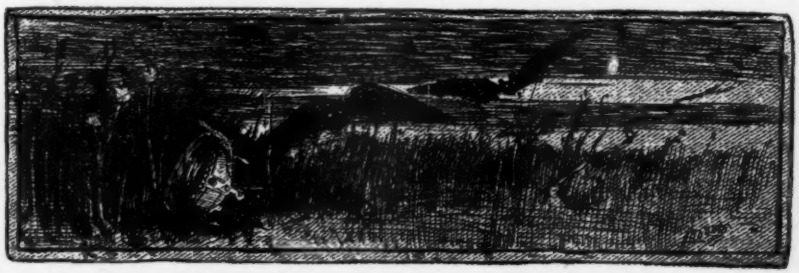
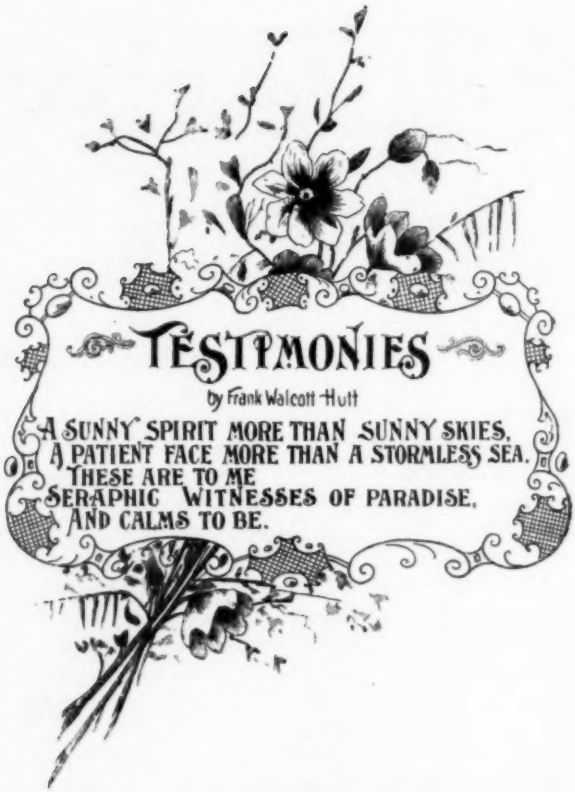
TWILIGHT.

BY JEAN LA RUE BURNETT.

SUN-GODS are weaving silver in the sky.
Low in the west where fleecy pink mists loom
Above far fields of oleander bloom
Squadrons of milky clouds go shifting by,
Pale argosies upon a sea of blue;
From distant marshlands sudden winds spring up
That shake the chestnut from its bronzen cup
And wet the lily's cheek with tears of dew;
In this sweet space beside the mossy wall
Where widowed black-eyed-Susan droops her head,
The nervous wax-wing lifts his top-knot red
As from the pines his mate doth piping call;
Long shadows creep from out the wood, and now
A single star gleams on the mountain's brow.




TESTIMONIES
by Frank Walcott Hutt
A SUNNY SPIRIT MORE THAN SUNNY SKIES.
A PATIENT FACE MORE THAN A STORMLESS SEA.
THESE ARE TO ME
SERAPHIC WITNESSES OF PARADISE.
AND CALMS TO BE.

FIESOLANA.

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.

THERE is nothing old in Europe, we are apt to say disdainfully with a fine disregard of mountains, rocks, rivers and the like, dating all antiquity from man. And are we not right? Hills, rivers, rocks and plains—the works of Nature—never wax old; only the works of Man age and decay.

But though there be nothing old in Europe, there are some things older than others. One spot I know which comprises in its small circumference the life of three thousand years and is written over up and down its hillsides with the characters of that life; not so that whoso runs may read, exactly, but in such fashion that whoso lingers a little and cares to brush away the dust of centuries may read easily enough.

As venerable Asia may be supposed to look down upon upstart Europe, so venerable Fiesole, seated high on her treble hills, looks down upon upstart Florence in the valley below. Nay, it appears that Fiesole has a right to look down upon Asia itself, if she pleases, for we find this gravely recorded by an early historian:

"From Adam till the time of King Ninus, who conquered the entire world in battle and subjected it to his power, at the time when Abraham was born, there were 2,344 years." And then after a description of the boundaries of Europe: "In which part thus bounded was one primal lord, whose name was Atalan, or Jupiter. And his wife was beautiful and her name Electra. And with them lived Apollonius, a great master of astrology; and all their doings were ordered by him. And they, together with him, chose and selected out of all their realm one sovereign spot, where they founded Fiesole, which was the first city built in the world after the flood of the Ark of Noah. And this spot was chosen by Apollonius as the most salubrious, that is, in respect of its air and in re-

spect of its being under the influence of the biggest and most auspicious planet that could be found."

Or we may rest content with the tale of a second historian who says Fiesole was founded by Atlas to be the tomb of his celestial daughter.

Every one knows Fiesole. Not a tourist who passes through the Lily-City but takes a day (half a day if he be a true, typical tourist), and runs out in the abomination of an electric tram to the piazza on the hill-crest, where he peeps into the cathedral, eats a hasty lunch at the restaurant of the Aurora, buys a straw fan from the Tuscan vendor, and rackets back to town in the tram, confident that he has "done" Fiesole. In this sense and after this manner all know her, but few in any other. Yet she deserves better of men—even of tourists; to tell her history truly would be to tell the history almost of civilized Europe. It would be to go back a thousand years before Florence rose from her meadows. It would be the tale of that mysterious race of remote oriental, half-mythical origin; conquerors of the mysterious Pelasgians (themselves Pelasgians—"Sea-Strangers"), who, with that ship whose victorious prow adorns their earliest coins, brought letters, arts and a civilization already antique to barbarian Italy, and of how this race, so strangely allied to the Hellenic, so widely differing from it, produced Etruria—"Mother of Superstitions."

For *Fæsulæ* was one of the earliest Etruscan towns. Like every other Etruscan town it is the crown of a lofty hill, and the ancient citadel was encircled, after the Etruscan fashion, with a wall whose stupendous fragments remain even now a wonder of the world. Whatever means were employed to place those monster blocks, the force of an entire people must have conspired, morally, at least, for such an undertaking, as marvellous in its way as that sublime system of engineering which rendered Italy, Italy; her plains habitable, and desolate Maremma a fertile garden in the days of Etruria—that same Maremma of which the peasants say: "In Maremma you get rich in a year and die in six months."

The wall and a few treasures of pottery and bronze gathered in the Museum are all that Etruria the hill-city has to show to-day; yet not quite all, either, for a subtle thread of cus-

FIESOLE.

CHRIST AND ST. JOHN.

tom and habit connects the Fiesolan peasant of to-day with that vanished people. Women still dip water from the wells in vessels of an Etruscan form, and the mason graves his plaster wall in wavy lines or dotted zigzags, precisely (we have Ruskin's authority for it) as his ancestor did three thousand years ago.

Otherwise it is a long way from the Etruscan Lucumo and Lar to the modern Fiesolani—a meagre handful of peasants, poor even where all are poor; chiefly dependent upon their straw industry, and in the weaving of fans, baskets, hat-plaits and knick-knacks, eking out the scantiest of livings. Fan-makers receive a centesimo (the fifth of a cent) for the finished fan which sells for a franc (twenty cents) in the shop on the piazza; and if the fan-maker be exceedingly skilful and eternally industrious she may make twenty fans a day (four cents)—but this is in no wise probable. Workers in fancy hat-braids make from forty to eighty centesimi (varying with the elaboration of the pattern) for twelve metres; these I suppose may make from eight to ten cents a day—a day of twelve or fourteen hours, into which must be somehow crowded a modicum of housework and the care of ever-present babies. But there is one great alleviation: each works in her home, usually sitting just within the open door, with access to sun and air and the voice of a neighboring worker. So that even at these prices—even at these hours—the lot of the Fiesole straw-worker has often seemed to me happy compared with her sister's of free and shop-tending or free and factory-employed America. Disaffection, the growing unrest, is not wanting even here.

THE CLOISTER.

"We who work make nothing; the fabricante (employer) makes all," say the women, with a hardening of sweet faces above the busy fingers, which do not pause even for conversation—

and yet Italian fingers were made, primarily, for talking.

But all this is modern—much too modern to be interesting! The poor and the wage-earners have we always with us; who dares have the ill-regulated audacity to assert, in the midst of antiquity, that the antique has not a claim above the modern, and that in all Etrurian Fiesole there is nothing better worth studying than a single one of these straw-working peasants? Who indeed! Let us rather see what else Etrurian Fiesole has to show. She has much; for from the cross of her topmost convent to the waves of Mugnone at her feet, she is set all over with villas and fountains, with churches and chapels and wayside shrines—each of them illustrious, or, at the least, romantic; and the green of Tuscan laurel and the silver gray of olives mantle her from crown to feet.

She was already a thousand years old before the Lily-City won her flower name; and each of those years had added a page to her history, a legendary chapter to her romance. Dante remembered this when, writing in his "Paradiso" of the early Florentine dames, he wrote:

> Another, with her maidens drawing off
> The tresses from the distaff, lectured them
> Old tales of Troy, and Fiesole, and Rome.

With the fall of Etruria, Fiesole fell. Florence, risen at the will of Sylla to supplant, was jealous of the ancient strength of such a neighbor, betrayed her on the feast-day of San Romolo—Fiesole's patron saint, and forced the inhabitants to remove to the city below. And yet again, many years after, Florence attacked the Fiesolan chieftains who still clung to their fortress home, and in a three months' siege conquered them by famine.

Since then Fiesole has no history—only reminiscences.

Below, the Flower-City spreads the enlarging circle of her walls and pushes upward her spires, her war-towers, and bell-towers. Above, gray, sombre, silent, with her handful of buildings clinging to her mountainous sides, and her handful of inhabitants, Fiesole stands like a gray grand-dame whose life is in the past while her children's children play about her feet. Even so she has a charm to draw those who love long vistas of memory and dim shapes of the imagination away from brighter things of Florence to her own silver slopes.

And at times, under a May-morning sun, with all her pink roses nodding over walls, with all her fruit trees showering white rain of petals, and "triumphant nightingales" singing in the ilexes as if day were a nightingale's only song-time, Fiesole laughs with a younger charm than Florence ever wears.

I do not speak of the views—of Monte Sinario whence Dante looked on Florence, of Milton's Vallombrosa, of Val d'Arno, and the far Carraras, though these become a part of Fiesole to her dwellers, and from the stone seat placed on her summit and dedicated "to his wandering brothers of all nations, by an Englishman," the eye learns often to cheat itself with a vision of Eden. A modern innovation—an electric tram—screeches and grates its way up and down the hill; Etruria and the tram meeting oddly—to the disadvantage of the tram. But he who will may leave the abomination, and by picturesque paths, each fall of the foot on historic ground, wind from height to valley.

The ancient citadel is a place of proud memories. They will tell you that Hannibal quartered his troops here for two weeks; that Catiline (of whom this mountain country teems with legends, and from whom even the Uberti were proud to claim descent) when he fled from Rome took refuge here before he went to his death, near Pistoia; that Cæsar besieged the place and Sylla's legions devastated it—legendary history

STREET IN FIESOLE.

enough for one small city, surely, and between the legend and the history it were a pity to choose. If one must choose, however, let him lean to the side of the legend—that may happen to be the side of truth.

The town is a Catholic stronghold now—Catholicism risen on the foundation of other faiths, like its own quaint church of San Alessandro, built in the days of Theodosius, over the ruins of a heathen temple, itself reared upon Etruscan foundations. The convent of St. Francis sends down a stream of brown monks daily, as the Jesuit college below lets out its flight of black-gowned students; "black-birds" we call them without disrespect, for the fluttering of robes and twitter of young voices as they pass is like nothing so much as the startled rise of a black-winged throng from a grain field. There is usually an elder *frater* in charge of the troop, who casts his eyes sedately down at the approach of an accursed feminine thing.

In the cathedral there are other things to be seen besides the tomb of the patron saint—lovely work of Mino da Fiesole, sculpture, and tracery and fresco by many hands. And indeed all about the ruins and records of an older day which is still young to the morning hour of Etruria, blossom the flowers of mediæval and renaissance art. Every church, every chapel has its altar-piece, its lunette, its fresco by its artist of note. Little wayside shrines start out from corners with a Lucca della Robbia Madonna or Saint Somebody, Bandinelli fountains and stone heads spout from the walls unexpectedly, and busts and statues, of all ages and stages and degrees, peer above walls or look complacently through a rose tangle from a superior terrace. Here and there a tablet set in the wall beneath an image of the Virgin records that "For mercies received" some grateful heart placed it there; or bids you, "O passer-by! say an Ave Maria."

And as for villas—every villa is a history or a historiette complete. Most splendid of all, Medicean Lorenzo's rises wall upon wall and terrace upon terrace against the hillside, all converted into gardens "which Tully might have envied," says Symonds. Here the Magnificent, who greatly loved Fiesole, feasted his friends, held converse with the great spirits of his time, and perhaps wrote those pastoral poems which Vernon Lee (herself a dweller in Fiesole, by-the-bye) asserts to have marked the transition from the "Middle Ages" in literature to the "modern times" in literature—from the poems of "knights and spring" to those of "peasants and autumn." A distinguished ghostly gathering it would be, if one might call them back who trod these gardens—painters, poets, statesmen, churchmen, men of letters and of "courtesie," with a gay dame or two to trail brocades across the stones and lean from the terrace balustrade.

Lower down in the garden of the Medici is the villa Rondinelli, bearing the arms of the Vitelli, a family old as Etruria and infamously famous among the infamous Florentines of a corrupt age. The villa passed from a Medici (Cosimo, I believe) to a Vitelli, who repaid the princely favor by carrying off the Prince's mistress; whereupon the Medici promptly cut the throat of ingratitude, and the remaining Vitelli as promptly sold the villa and moved away, for hygienic reasons, doubtless. It has still its secret stairway, its suggestive cellar-hole, and breathes of Medici most life-likely! There is a cluster of Villini Rondinelli about the large villa and there is no harm in pleasing one's self with the fancy that the young true-lover, Rondinelli, may have burned his student lamp in one of these, ere Ginevra—the well-loved—fled from the death chapel through the Way of Death to him, to be welcomed living or dead, as Love alone—and Love always—welcomes.

Near by is the villa of the Buondelmonti, those Good Men of the Mountain who so dubiously deserved their title, and from whose household division sprang the Good-apart (Buon-a-parte) faction which migrated to Corsica "and has since been heard from," the historian dryly remarks. A step beyond is a long building, by its cross a deserted convent, whose tablet records that Dupré greatly loved these smiling hillsides and whose every gate opens into a romance, one winds presently out upon the Piazza of San Domenico di Fiesole —midway down the slope.

Here is the Church of San Domenico with its close convent, in whose grounds white nuns go gliding like daytime ghosts, and where Beato Angelico shaped his heavenly visions before he went to transfigure the walls of San Marco. Here too, is the old Badia, the favorite monas-

THE CAVE OF MT. CECERI.

died here, and thus the Past comes suddenly down to the Present. In the next garden the sombre brows of Dante keep watch above the wall—I know not if for special significance. Below, on another sweep of Fiesolan road is the cedar-shadowed domain, whose late lord was Landor, but whose armorial pines and the legend, "Pine del Pini," beneath the shrine of Our Lady of Seven Sorrows, speak of an earlier century. Winding thus between villa and garden-walls, tery of the Medici, whither Pico Mirandola—that glass of fashion and mould of form in the days when Florentine form and fashion was the mould and mirror of the best part of Europe—came to meditate and write his learned treatises. The old Badia! —it too runs over with its blithe flock of students, and on holidays and in *Carnivale* the Badia boys give entertainments of their own enacting to the peasantry about.

The Bandinelli fountain which

plashes merrily just above the Piazza may almost have been a witness to the encounter between its maker and that specially "honest man," Benvenuto Cellini, of which Benvenuto has left us the artless tale. He had gone to Fiesole, he tells us, to see a natural son whom he had there at nurse and of whom he was exceedingly fond. When he was about to leave, the child would not part with him, but held him fast with his little hands, crying, so that "it was surprising in an infant of two years." All of which appears to have touched Cellini's heart much, but he remembered that he had nevertheless intended to waylay Bandinelli, who went every evening to visit his farm above San Domenico, and to attack him and "punish his insolence;" so he tore himself away from the engaging little son and started in pursuit of his enemy. Just as he entered the Square of San Domenico from one side, Bandinelli entered from the other "upon a little mule which appeared no bigger than an ass." Benvenuto made for him with the intention of summary vengeance, which Bandinelli beholding turned pale as death and trembled all over, so that Benvenuto, in disgust, declared he was not worth the trouble of killing and bade him "Fear nothing, vile poltroon," after which, he says, he returned home "somewhat easier in his mind!"

To-day Fiesole is largely a nest of foreigners, like so many famous spots of Europe. English and Americans hold the villas scattered up and down its sides, and perhaps are a blessing to the Fiesolan peasants, who make the best part of their little revenues from these "mad Americans" and rich *Inglese*. But more than her air or her sunshine or her beauty, Fiesole has a potent spell which binds her to the future as well as to the past, and insures that she will never be quite forsaken by the travelling book-lover, poet, or sight-seer. One name has given immortality to this winding road which borders upon Mugnone—

THE BAY OF SPEZZA.

else a "most immemorial" stream. Follow its placid curves (not forgetting that across in that barn-like building is the paint-splashed studio where Arnold Böcklin spent a year or two) and presently this way of Boccaccio brings you to a villa—it was described long ago:

"It was a little eminence remote from any great road, covered with trees and shrubs of an agreeable verdure; and on the top was a stately palace with a grand and beautiful court in the middle; within were galleries and fine apartments elegantly fitted up and adorned with the most curious paintings; around it were fine meadows and delightful gardens with fountains of purest water."

It is the Villa Palmieri. Eng-

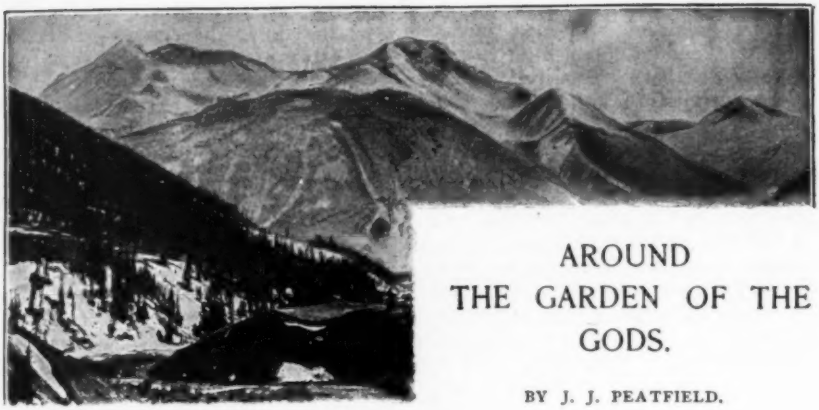
land's Queen lodged here a few years ago. Nobody cares for that, but guests of another quality were there centuries before her, and everybody cares. It is the villa of the Decameron. Look well and you may chance to see the fair Fiametta and all the chaplet-crowned Decameronian company beneath the trees; nay, I will swear that which passed me on dusky wing was Federigo's very falcon. For note a singular thing! Here in Fiesole, with grim Etruria enthroned on her brow and a laughing Decameronian memory at her feet up and down these ways—Landor in his solitude truly lived—and very living are the peasants and the many-tongued tourists. Only the feet of the Decameronian story-tellers never pressed the grass; their voices never moved the perfumed air; and yet, they alone of all the number have outlived death and time, and are the most triumphantly alive inhabitants of Fiesole to-day.

As to-day, so to-morrow. When the last stone of the Etruscan wall has fallen, and the rose and olive have made a winding-sheet instead

THE BAY OF SPEZZA.

—grim Etruria really walled those heights; the splendid glitter of mediæval life once really brightened these hillsides; haughty generals and rough Roman soldiery marched of a robe for Fiesole, people will say of her as they do to-day:

"Fiesole?—ah, yes! we remember; the country of Boccaccio, the home of the Decameronian story-tellers."



AROUND THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

BY J. J. PEATFIELD.

"SATURDAY, 15th November.—Marched early. Passed two deep creeks, and many high points of rocks, also large herds of buffaloes. At two o'clock in the afternoon, I thought I could distinguish a mountain to our right, which appeared like a small blue cloud; viewed it with the spy-glass, and was still more confirmed in my conjecture, yet only communicated it to Dr. Robinson, who was in front of me; but in half an hour it appeared in full view before us. When our small party arrived on the hill, they with one accord gave three cheers to the Mexican mountains.

"Wednesday, 26th November.—We commenced ascending; found the way very difficult, being obliged to climb up rocks sometimes almost perpendicular; and after marching all day we encamped in a cave without blankets, victuals, or water. We had a fine clear sky, while it was snowing at the bottom.

"Thursday, 27th November.—Arose hungry, thirsty, and extremely sore, from the unevenness of the rocks on which we had lain all night; but were amply compensated for our toil by the sublimity of the prospects below. The unbounded prairie was overhung with clouds which appeared like an ocean in a storm, wave piled on wave, and foaming, while the sky over our heads was perfectly clear. Commenced our march up the mountain, and in about one hour arrived at the summit of this chain; here we found the snow middle deep, and discovered no sign of beast or bird inhabiting this region. The thermometer which stood at 9° above zero at the foot of the mountain, here fell 4° below. The summit of the Grand Peak, which was entirely bare of vegetation, and covered with snow, now appeared at the distance of fifteen or sixteen miles from us, and as high again as that we had ascended. It would have taken a whole day's march to have arrived at its base, when I believe no human being could have ascended to its summit. This, with the condition of my soldiers, who had only light overhauls on, and no stockings, and were every way ill-provided to endure the inclemency of this region, the bad prospects of killing anything to subsist on, with the further detention of two or three days which it must occasion, determined us to return. The clouds from below had now ascended the mountain and entirely enveloped the summit, on which rest eternal snows. We descended by a long, deep ravine with much less difficulty than we had contemplated; found all our baggage safe, but the provisions all destroyed. It began to snow, and we sought

shelter under the side of a projecting rock, where we all four made a meal on one partridge, and a pair of deer's ribs, which the ravens had left us, being the first food we had eaten for forty-eight hours."

Such is the account given by Captain Zebulon Montgomery Pike, U. S. I., of the discovery in 1808 of the stately mountain which bears his name, and on whose northern base nestle Colorado Springs and Manitou.

SEVEN FALLS.

Pike was an intrepid man, the son of a Revolutionary father, Zebulon Pike of New Jersey. Appointed in 1805 by General Wilkinson to explore the upper Mississippi, he conducted the expedition with such satisfaction that in the following year he was entrusted with a still more important undertaking. Having restored a band of about fifty captive Indians to their people who lived on the Osage River, he proceeded to carry forward his explorations, having been specially charged with the duty of discovering the sources of the Red River. Ever in danger of attack by Indians, closely watched by the Spanish authorities, he finally crossed the Arkansas, thereby violating the terms of an arrangement then lately made between the United States and Spanish governments, and travelled on foot in search of Red River. With great difficulty and much suffering from cold and exposure, Pike and his party, which consisted of one lieutenant, one surgeon, two servants, one corporal, sixteen privates, and an interpreter, reached what they supposed to be Red River, but which proved to be the Rio Grande, and at a convenient point erected a fortified camp in February, 1807. They were not left long unmolested, for on the 26th of the same month Pike was conducted by a squad of Spanish soldiers to Sante Fé, thence to El Paso and Chihuahua. After a courteous captivity of four months, Pike was allowed to return to the United States, via Natchitoches. In the second year of the war of 1812, this brave, sympathetic, and compassionate officer, who was adored by his men for his fortitude and humanity, lost his life by an explosion at Toronto, having been sent with a force against Canada with the rank of brigadier-general. This brief biographical mention is due to the memory of the first American who led the way into Central Colorado.

Other explorers followed into those awe-inspiring regions of the Rockies. In 1819 Colonel S. H. Long penetrated into the desolate wilds of Colorado, and in 1832 Captain Bonneville of the American Fur Company. In 1834, Fremont, guided by the snow-crowned peak that had lured the intrepid Pike, reached the same localities where he and his frost-bitten men had struggled against cold and snow nearly four decades before. There the later explorer discovered mineral springs of medicinal qualities, and his expedition added much to the little that was known about that mountainous region. Both before and after the acquirement of the territory from Mexico at the close of the war of 1846–48, a few adventurous spirits were wont to find their way

PIKE'S PEAK FROM THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

into the mountain fastness of Colorado. These roving adventurers, however, were principally hunters and trappers, and it was not until 1859 that the great stampede westward into the Pike's Peak country took place. The pioneers of the previous year had discovered gold, and in the fall of 1858 had founded the towns of Auraria, Denver, Boulder, Fountain City, and other smaller settlements. The reports of these new gold discoveries caused the rush into Colorado only equalled by that into California ten years earlier. From that time this vast region of prairies and mountain ranges, of beautiful valleys and green gorges, of fertile plateaus and snow-capped peaks, was no longer a land of mystery and dread. Development went rapidly ahead, mining towns sprang up on all sides in that mighty confusion and mixture of the beautiful and the terrible, and railroads have been constructed along lines fearful with dark chasms and beetling cliffs.

The managing director of the Kansas Pacific Railway, during the time of its construction toward Denver, was General William J. Palmer, who formed the great project of opening up a vast region by building a trunk line of railway from Denver to the City of Mexico, as a main from which numerous branch lines could be extended into the gorges and canyons of the Rockies in which the precious metal lay hidden. Unsupported, however, by the directors and unable to obtain a subsidy from the Government, he severed his connection with the Kansas Pacific and proceeded to carry out an enterprise of a different kind. This was the founding of a town which would become the site of a good city in the event of the proposed railroad ever being built.

In the autumn of 1870, in company with Hon. A. C. Hunt and others, he left Denver to visit a locality which Hunt, who knew the country thoroughly and had perfect confidence in its future, believed would offer the best inducements to select it as the site for the projected town. Leading them southward he conducted his companions to the base of Pike's Peak; the advantages of the locality were recognized, and the first step toward the consummation of Palmer's city-building project was taken. A company was organized under the corporate name of the Colorado Springs Company, and took up a track of 10,000 acres of land. Moreover, the Denver and Rio Grande Railway Company was organized, and the Mountain Base Investment Company, a name which was soon changed to that of the National Land and Improvement Company. These companies acted with such energy

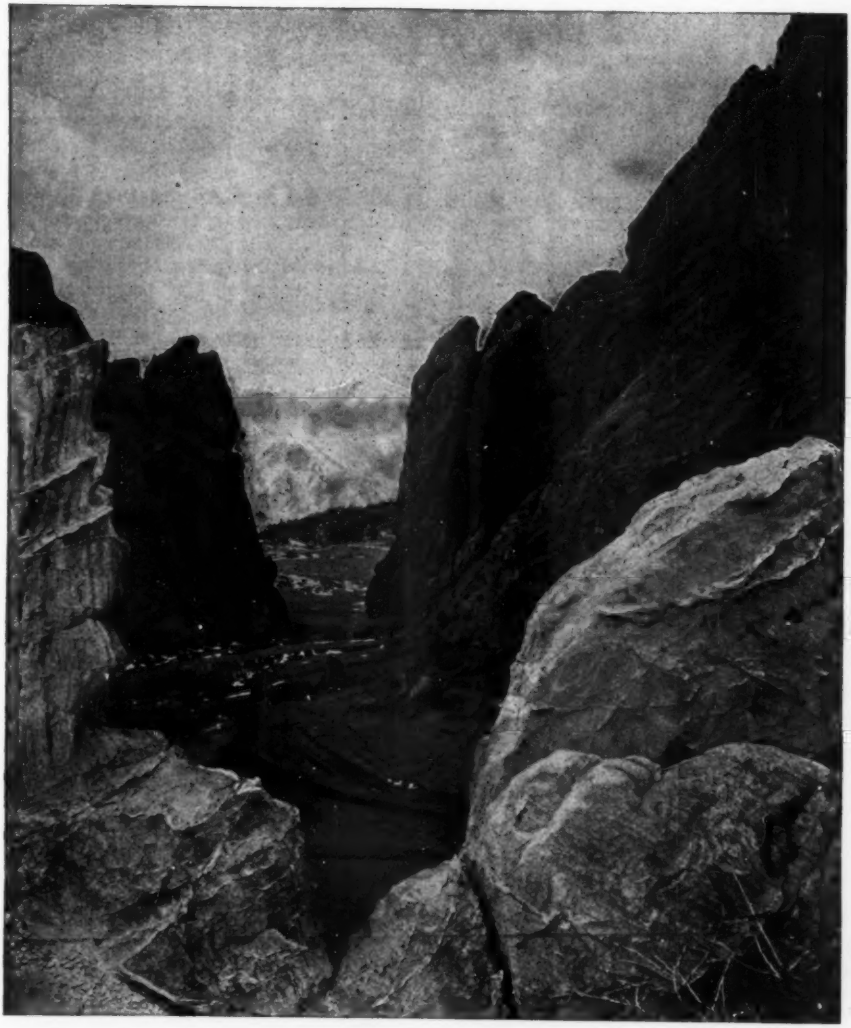
THE SANGRE DE CRISTO.

THE TOP OF THE RANGE.

that on July 31st, 1871, the first stake was driven on the site of Colorado Springs, and within a year seventy-five miles of railway connected the new town with Denver.

Colorado Springs thrived and grew apace. In ten years' time it contained a resident population of 5,000 or 6,000 inhabitants, a showing which proves the wisdom of its founders in their choice of site in face of the fact that it is not a mining town, and that the sources of its wealth are external. It is in fact a sanitarium offering inducements to the health-seeker in climate, scenery, and mineral waters that have carried its fame through the continent. Its name, however, must be regarded as a misnomer, for the celebrated medicinal springs from which it derived its name are located at Manitou, lying six miles to the west. The survey was made on a liberal basis, the site being cut up into ample-sized lots intersected by wide streets, which were planted at great cost with avenues of trees, the sidewalks being skirted by rivulets of flowing water conducted from the mountains by a canal and irrigation work. No expense was spared to make the place attractive. Situated on a level plain, with rich feeding-grounds, and many a fertile valley in the mountains to the west, it has become the home of the ranch owners whose cattle ranges extend for seventy miles away.

Included in the purchases made by the Land and Improvement Company was a beautiful glen at the entrance to Mountain Pass. Here were situated the mineral springs, and here another town-site was laid out which developed hand in hand with Colorado Springs. La Fonte was the name first given to this new watering-place, but it was soon changed to that of Manitou. It sprang into popularity at once, and thousands of tourists and health-seekers from the United States and Europe visit it during the season. The population of Manitou is consequently of a transient character; unlike Colorado Springs, the town is largely composed of hotels and boarding-houses, and has a deserted appearance during the winter, which is the "season" for the residents at Colorado Springs.



MOUNTAIN PASS.

As a health resort the locality of Colorado Springs and Manitou proved so beneficial to persons of delicate health, particularly to those having a tendency to pulmonary weakness, that numbers of visitors from the Eastern States have settled permanently in the neighborhood and engaged in some agricultural or pastoral pursuit, having their homes located at Colorado Springs. Many of the ranch owners and cattle-men first visited the country as health-seekers—both American and English

LONG'S PEAK.

—and being possessed of all the advantages of wealth and education, contributed largely to the social refinement prevailing in the settlement, which its founders promoted by establishing Colorado Springs as a temperance town. Every deed of sale of land given by them contained a forfeiture clause, in accordance with which the property conveyed was to revert to the Colorado Springs Company in case intoxicating liquor was sold at any time on it. Thus this frontier town was a bright exception to its class in social and moral standing, and became a place avoided by the turbulent and dissolute, and an objective point of right-minded and order-loving settlers.

But while these settlements possess all the requirements for personal health and natural prosperity, grand object-lessons are also given in the great schools which nature has established all around; and while the bodily frame is provided for by her bounteousness and kept in health and repair by her hygienic treatment, the education of the soul is not neglected.

The grandeur of her architecture, the magnificence of her picture galleries, the magnitude of her stupendous libraries, which contain the history of the past in countless pages bound in sand and lime-stone rocks, instruct and elevate the mind.

Many are the beautiful attractions in scenery and the wonders presented by natural objects that are within easy access of Colorado Springs and Manitou. Situated at the base of Pike's Peak, whose majestic summit towers high above the surroundings, the former stands on a level plain 6,000 feet above the sea-level, while Manitou, five or six miles to the west, lies at the very foot of that giant sentinel, nestling in a mountain nook. Scenic displays of many varieties are near at hand. Bright pictures of smiling valleys, gay with flowers of divers colors, and resonant with murmuring brooklets and the hum of waterfalls; gloomy gorges into which the sun's rays rarely penetrate; massive mountain forms and stupendous rocks; and oceans of wave-surfaced plains can be seen within short distances from either Manitou or Colorado Springs.

Principal among these wonders of nature is the Garden of the Gods,

which is striking and exceptional in its attractiveness of fantastic shapes in red and white sandstone which it presents, its image rocks, and its stupendous gateway. The huge portal which forms the entrance to this romantic spot is flanked by perpendicular masses of red rock rising several hundred feet above the narrow passage-way along which winds the road that leads the visitor to the wonderful enclosure. When you enter this mysterious recess, you may well imagine that you are intruding into the abandoned workshop of Titan sculptors. For a couple of miles or more the grass-carpeted floor is strewn with colossal rock-forms of many designs, carved in white and red sandstone. Here a giant artist has roughly fashioned a human face and form, there another has erected cathedral towers and spires hundreds of feet in height, while a third has cut out huge pillars with his invisible chisel. Scattered in endless confusion lie fantastic shapes, the ground around them littered with the chippings and fragments split off by the mighty workmen. You marvel at the uncouth ponderous forms, and the fancy creeps into your mind that the sculptors of your imagining wanted persistency in their artistic labors, casting aside their half-finished productions one after another and carrying to completion no single piece of work. But the slow corrosive industry of the elements in their operations upon the solid rocks is not directed to the building up of architectural structures and the modelling of symmetrical forms, but is employed in destruction, and as you look down the long vista of future time and mentally revisit this thought-stirring glen, you

TELLURIDE.

find no relic of these marvellous objects. Disintegration has completed its work.

One of the most ordinary results of this war between active and passive potencies is Balanced Rock, resting on its narrow base. As you stand beneath its overhanging walls, the possibility that its prodigious mass may topple over at any moment inspires you with a creeping fear and a respectful awe. In harmony with the monster forms and monuments erected in this studio of nature and in keeping with their wild designs are the mighty walls that inclose them. On either side rise lofty crags with battlements and towers, and bastions of heavy stone-work, ceaselessly assaulted by the visible and invisible agents of destruction. For ages have they been mute guardians of the rare collection of curios which lies at their base, and for centuries to come they will continue to oppose the insidious foe. In vain, however; for they themselves will finally succumb to the truceless warfare waged unremittingly against them.

Though the Garden of the Gods is a prominent attraction to the tourist, there are other rival scenes that excite his wonder and admiration. Mountain Pass, with its almost perpendicular rock walls, winding its sinuous course through the mountains to the grassy plains of South Park, is rich in natural grandeur and picturesqueness. This defile is a natural highway over the range and abounds in glens and grottoes, precipices, canyons, streams, and waterfalls. Formerly it was lonely in its desolateness; to-day it is a great thoroughfare for the tourist and for traffic.

Wonderful is that tremendous cleft in the mountain side called Cheyenne Canyon, down which rushes a boiling torrent between perpendicular walls two thousand feet in height, down cascades and cataracts; grand is the sublimity of the scenery in Williams Canyon, where the visitor can behold a colossal amphitheatre of nature's building, with tier above tier fashioned out of the living rock; and deeply impressive in these scenes of the Rocky Mountains are the effects of light and shade and coloring, and the atmospheric deceptions with which the rarefied air beguiles the innocent.

From sunrise to sunset a continuous series of changing views and panoramic pictures are presented to the sight-seer. Before the day-ruler rises from his couch beyond the Great Plain, plains that stretch to the eastern horizon, the lofty mountain summits are aglow with his golden rays, and as he drives on his course through the morning heavens, illumining alike ridges and ravines, foot-hills and mountain tops, distances lose their value and perspective fails of its effect and the mighty range seems to stand like a vast moral edifice closing in the west. As the sun declines, then light and shade, with their revealing wands, change the great wall into shifting scenes, clothing the mountain slopes and peaks in robes of splendor and enfolding the gorges and canyons in veils of gloom.

Conspicuous among the scenic features of the mountains is the coloring of the rocks. From fiery red to shining white; gray, green, and salmon-colored; cream-tinted and bronze-hued, they supply pictures of inimitable beauty, taxing the artist's skill to represent them with his paint-brush. The harmonious combinations of colored rocks with the bright greens of grasses and trees and the deep blue of the sky are marvellous, and form scenes of impressive loveliness and grandeur.

To mention all the lovely spots and all the imposing displays of majestic forms outlined by the contortions of earth's convulsions in this region; to describe all the boundless views obtained from lofty standpoints, wherefrom in the vast distance land and sky seem to melt and mingle together, with no horizon as a boundary line between them, and to

try to express in words the feelings of exhilaration with which the pure air and high elevation intoxicate the spirits would be impossible. It would be unpardonable to omit making mention of Monument Park and that object idyl, Glen Eyrie; the Seven Falls and the Seven Lakes nestling in a deep basin of Cheyenne Mountains.

These extraordinary lakes, 11,500 feet above sea-level, deserve more than a passing notice, on account of the weird and lovely aspect of the great mountain hollow in which they are cradled. A mile higher up than Colorado Springs a vast basin, betrayed by a break in the mountain's front, lies hidden in its bosom, walled in by mighty cliffs. The great expanse of water that once filled this immense rock-locked reservoir ages ago burst through its confining dam, found its way in beautiful rivulets to the plains below, and shrank into a chain of seven lakelets separated by bands of meadow land, bright in the spring and summer with green grasses and brilliant flowers. The largest and highest of these lakes is but about eighty acres in extent, and lies close up to the south wall of the basin; the others are scattered in irregular groups on the floor of the hollow. The loveliness, the Plutonian gloom, and the almost ultra-mundane condition of this wild, secluded spot, particularly by night, are well described by a writer in one of the New England magazines: has been thus described

"The peaks which make the south wall of the basin are all between thirteen and fourteen thousand feet high. Over such a wall as this moons and suns come late and stealthily, as if they had no right in the place. The slow approaches of moonlight on a full-moon night are wonderful to see. Its first radiance begins on the northernmost peak while yet all the lakes and the whole basin are wrapped in darkness; it is not a radiance, but a sort of shining dusk, only one shade less than the darkness. For hours this creeps slow as a mist, inch by inch, from peak to peak, round by way of the west; then above the upper line of the south wall comes a white glow; from this gradually diffuses a silvery sheen over the upper half of the valley. Still no moon; still the larger lakes, at the base of the silver-crested south wall, are black. Not until full midnight or past does the first direct beam fall on the water; then it is but a bar—one narrow, sharp-lined, straight bar of white—beneath which the water seems to quiver, shot through and through with silver sparkles; then, in a second more, the moon, as if the bar of light had been her silver wand, lifted just in advance of her, compelling surrender of the spot.

"Dawn comes over in the same way. Long after day has begun the lakes lie purple and black and darkest malachite greens, and the shadows of the mountains do not seem to give place. Not until ten o'clock of the forenoon on the day we left did the full sunlight get in. It came with a rush at the last second. As it swept over us, it seemed strange that it should be soundless, for it passed swift like a wind."

No sunbeam penetrates this deep wound in the mountain's breast until the day-god is within two hours of his meridian. In truth, the visitor to Colorado Springs can gain a glimpse at Plutonian realms or gaze upon the glories of an Olympus; he can find his way into recesses wherein fairies might love to dance by moonlight and hold their "little rout"—spots such as those to which

"Peri and Pixy, and quaint Puck the Antic,
Brought Robin Goodfellow, that merry swain;
And stealthy Mab, queen of all realms romantic,
Came too, from distance in her tiny wain,
Fresh dripping from a cloud-some bloomy rain,
Then circling the bright moon, had washed her car,
And still bedewed it with a various stain;

Lastly came Ariel, shooting from a star,
Who bears all fairy embassies afar."

He can intrude into dells where the wood-nymphs dwell; he can linger at the foot of falls in whose spray sports the water-sprite, and he can tread on mountain tops and have the whole world beneath his feet.

Pike's Peak, the summit of which the explorer whose name it bears strove so hard to reach, is now accessible to children. A cog-wheel railway has been constructed to the mountain's top, and the round-trips may be made in a few hours from Manitou. There is, moreover, a carriage road, available during the summer months, leading from Cascade Canyon to the same summit on which stands, nearly 2¾ miles (14,147 feet) above the sea, a United States signal station.

It is not, then, to be wondered at, that, with such attractions as this, tourists, as soon as the new settlements became known, flocked to this Rocky Mountain resort, while owing to the pure atmosphere of the region, invigorating climate, and the medicinal waters, invalids visited it as a sanitarium and, restored to health, made Colorado Springs their permanent home. How great was the influx to this whilom mountain wilderness within a few years after the town site had been surveyed may be gathered from the fact that in 1878 over 13,000 visitors registered at the hotels that had been erected, and nearly an equal number found accommodation in private boarding-houses. Since that time Colorado Springs and her twin-sister Manitou have continued to prosper. They are reached from north, south, east, and west by railways that have been built at Colorado Springs as a focal point, since Palmer energetically pushed his line southward from Denver. Young as is the community, it has marched onward with the progress of the age, and on ground which Pike with his ill-clad, starved, and frost-bitten men looked down upon, if they trod not on it, public schools and institutions, churches and noble buildings rise in assertion of civilization's inroad into nature's wilderness and her potent influence over savageism.

A TYPE.

THE PROFESSIONAL BEAUTIES OF JAPAN.

BY HELEN GREGORY-FLESHER.

THERE is so wide a discrepancy between Sir Edwin Arnold's fascinating descriptions of Japanese women and Mr. Clement Scott's estimate of them, that people who have not visited Japan do not know whether to believe that all Japanese women are the charming creatures Sir Edwin says they are, or the soulless, simpering dolls Mr. Scott declares he found them.

Of course every nation has its own standard of feminine loveliness and finds it difficult to understand and appreciate any ideal of personal beauty that does not conform to that particular standard.

The most peerless of our American beauties would probably fail to excite the admiration of an African savage, while the Hottentot belle would scarcely reign as such in a New York drawing-room.

The Japanese ideal is strikingly different from ours. To the native eye, women of the Western world are very far from handsome. That golden-haired blonde loveliness that to us is the highest type of female beauty is not pleasing to the Japanese.

They call those sunny locks red! Indeed, all hair save ebony black they so designate, and when we recall the fact that their artists always depict the devil with fair or red hair, we realize in what estimation they hold it!

The rosy complexion of our blonde to them is florid and unhealthy looking, and the small waist, large bust and hips are positive deformities.

The Japanese ideal of beauty was thus publicly described by a native gentleman at the Paris Exposition: "The head should be neither too large nor too small. The large black eyes should be surmounted by perfectly arched eyebrows and fringed with black lashes. The face should be oval, white, and but slightly rose-tinted in each cheek, the nose straight and high. The mouth small, regular, and fresh, the thin lips parting to show the white teeth behind them. The forehead should be narrow and bordered with long black hair growing round the face in a perfect arch. This head should be joined by a round neck to a large but not fat body. The loins should be slender, and the hands and feet small but not thin, the swell of the breast modest and unexaggerated." Mere physical beauty has never been regarded by

"HONO SAN."

the Japanese as the sole criterion; fascinating manners, a ready but modest wit, and a gift for writing poetry and understanding poetical allusions weigh heavily in the balance, and some of their famous so-called "beauties" owe their reputations as such more to fascination of manner and a witty tongue than physical charms.

Really beautiful women are not common in any country, but Japan has her fair share of them, though the ordinary traveller has not many opportunities of meeting them.

The beautiful women of the aristocracy, with two or three notable exceptions, are not often seen by any one save a few intimate Japanese friends. If they are court ladies, very occasionally some high court ceremony may bring them into slightly more general view.

This is not because there is any Oriental system of seclusion, but because there is absolutely nothing to take them outside the house or castle grounds. There are no balls, no parties, no social functions at which women of this class are present at the same time as the men of the family.

Exceptionally beautiful women in the lower walks of life who are not married to merchants or men of similar standing, whose wives are almost as seldom seen by the general public as the aristocracy, become first-class *geisha*, or 'professional beauties.'

The first-class or "number one" *geisha*, as they are called in the vernacular, are only a little less seldom seen by the "globe-trotting" foreigner than the lady of aristocratic lineage, for the charges for their services are very high, and they do not care to lower their standing by being hired in a chance way by ordinary foreigners or common Japanese. Their services are frequently arranged for weeks in advance, so that money alone cannot always command their presence.

Of course, foreigners who remain any length of time in the country and who mix with the higher-class Japanese usually receive invitations to fine entertainments and dinners, and thus have opportunities to see some of the famous *geisha*, and as a consequence we find Sir Edwin Arnold and those travellers who have seen both these women and those of the aristocracy, that is, who have seen all classes, assert that there are

KATSUMA.

beautiful, very beautiful women in Japan, and this not because their eyes have grown accustomed to the native style, but because they have had a much larger field of observation than is usually accorded the casual and transient visitor, or, in vulgar parlance, the "globe-trotter."

The *geisha* are frequently spoken of as "singing" or "dancing" girls, but "professional beauty" is really a more correct term. The word "*geisha*" itself literally means "*artiste.*"

A TYPICAL BEAUTY.

With us the professional beauty attains that ephemeral distinction not alone by reason of her personal attractions, but through some combination of fortuitous circumstances, and she has a certain social status during the brief period of her reign, if not before. But the Japanese girl who aims to become a professional beauty is trained from a very tender age in all the acquirements necessary to the position, and she holds no social rank.

The *geisha* are not actresses in the ordinary acceptation of the word. They never appear in the theatre or on a public stage.

Their dancing is in reality posturing, or pantomime, supposed to represent some scene from one of the ancient classical dramas.

Besides the *odori*, or posturing, they learn to play one of the native instruments, the samisen, the koto, etc., and to sing according to the Japanese method, which is exceedingly difficult and which most foreigners wish were impossible.

But these are not the principal points in the training of a successful *geisha*. Soft looks, fascinating manners, sweet smiles, witty answers are part of her stock in trade. Her edu-

cation begins at seven years of age, or just as soon as she can be taught the figures of the dances.

A "number one" *geisha* must be cultivated and well read besides being able to dance and sing. Gentlemen who are giving dinner-parties or entertaining guests engage two or three or more *geisha* to come and amuse the company. They sing, dance, and talk, play various little games with their hands and fingers, and tell stories—anything, in fact, which seems to interest and amuse their patrons.

From time to time, some *geisha* becomes famous all over Japan for her beauty and brilliancy, and she is as much talked about as a celebrated actress is with us. Young men rave about her and commit all sorts of extravagances for her sake.

The morals of the *geisha* are of all shades, good, bad and indifferent, varying with the individual, but the *geisha* are quite distinct from the *yugo*. Though the *geisha* are not, correctly speaking, actresses, they hold a somewhat similar position in the Japanese social scale to that which actresses do with us; and there is as wide a bridge between the first-class *geisha* and the lowest as there is between the famous actress whose name is above reproach, and the "song and dance" *artiste* of the dives.

In the same way as some very conscientious but rather narrow-minded people regard every woman connected with a theatre as morally depraved, so some people in Japan consider every *geisha* a woman of bad character.

Of course this is very far from the truth in either case. There are women as good and as pure on the stage as off. It can scarcely be denied, however, that both the actresses of the European theatres and the *geisha* of Japan live in a more relaxed moral atmosphere than most other women, though how much they are affected by it depends upon themselves.

There are two cities in Japan which are celebrated for the surpassing beauty of their *geisha*. These are the two capitals, Tokyo and Kyoto. See-

BEAUTIES AT HOME.

ing that foreigners took a keen interest in the question of their beauty, or lack of it, an enterprising native got up a sort of beauty show in Tokyo in which one hundred *geisha* participated. The six photographs with the names appended were especially chosen for this article. The native gentlemen who selected them considered them among the most famous in Tokyo.

A glance will show that their decision was not based on physical beauty alone, and that other considerations must have entered considerably into their judgment.

The first two whose portraits are given, Yamato and Kameko, would, I think, be considered pretty by almost any one. Like the great majority of Japanese women, both these girls are small — under five feet. Yamato is the taller of the two and approaches more nearly the ideal Japanese type. Kameko is perhaps a more general favorite, being wittier and more vivacious than Yamato.

COSTUME OF A BEAUTY.

The beauty of these two *geisha* is of a certain dainty, refined kind, and though their social status is not very exalted, there is obviously a strain of aristocratic blood in their veins. They have the fair, pale, rose-tinted skin and slender, aquiline nose of the Japanese aristocrat.

Tamagiko and Katsuma are of the same type as their predecessors, but they are intensified examples of it. They are taller and even more slender, and by native judges would probably be considered prettier than Yamato and Kameko. When I say slender I do not mean thin, for they are not that, but their frames are small and delicate.

Katsuma is more stately in manner and of graver demeanor than most of the others, and by older men and classical scholars she is held in the highest regard, for she is more deeply versed in the poets than almost any of her sister *geisha*.

Hanakichi's particular fascination lies in the sweet girlish expression of her face and that undefined charm that youth lends to even plain women, a more than usually evanescent attraction in Japan, where women are old at twenty-five. Kamkichi, too, has youth in her favor, and all the pretty curves and plumpness that accompany it.

Of the nine *geisha* specially mentioned, Hanakichi and Kamkichi are the most attractive to Western people. Their gestures and expression are almost appealing. They have an air of childish confidence, that whether real or assumed is very bewitching — the sort of nameless attraction sometimes possessed by our own women.

JAPANESE GIRLS POSING.

Hanakichi has a browner skin and slightly heavier features than Kamkichi, and of the two the latter is more universally admired by both natives and foreigners (Americans and Europeans) than Hanakichi, but the latter has a more captivating smile.

Katsuma, Ochiyo, and Koriki are *geisha* so famous for wit and accomplishments that the question of personal beauty is thrown into the background.

The *geisha* generally retire early in life and either marry or become teachers of music or dancing. Ochiyo and Koriki have already retired, and Katsuma will probably do so soon. Teachers who have themselves been famous *geisha* are always in demand, for, as I have before remarked, the Japanese "professional beauty" is trained for her calling, and from a celebrated *geisha* her pupils hope to acquire some of the graceful manners and dainty ways that made her so irresistible.

Wives and mothers look askance upon the fascinating *geisha*, in the light of whose seductive smiles the purse-strings of the husband or father are apt to relax too easily.

Into the slender little hands of these girls more than one foreign resident has fallen, and the *geisha* of Tokyo can boast the conquest of many a noted traveller who came, saw, and (was) conquered. Americans and Britons alike have been subjugated by their charms.

Manner and bearing are more highly regarded by the Japanese than beauty, and the same Japanese gentleman who described the native ideal of female loveliness added as necessary accompaniments to physical beauty "a gentle manner, a voice like a nightingale which makes one divine its artlessness, a look at once lively, sweet, gracious, and always charming; witty words pronounced distinctly, accompanied by charming smiles; a look sometimes calm, sometimes gay or thoughtful, and always dignified. Manners noble, simple, and a little proud, but without in-

curring the suspicion of undue assumption."

Not only in these modern days has Japan her noted beauties, but all through her history we find the names of women who were renowned the length and breadth of the land, either for the beauty of their faces, the brilliancy of their wit, or the vigor of their intellect.

In the Middle Ages, the Mikados were surrounded by courts not unlike those of the French kings, and though there was openly no Madame de Pompadour or Madame de Maintenon, many a noble's court, and often that of the Mikado himself, was ruled in spirit by some woman who secretly pulled the string that made the puppets dance.

The first passport to favor was a ready wit, a talent for mechanical verse-making, and quick comprehension of poetical allusions taken from the classical poets.

As the Shoguns usurped more and more of the actual power and the Mikados sank to the position of *rois faineants*, the court ladies gained ascendancy and the court itself grew in luxury and elegance, and became the centre of refinement and culture. And naturally the beautiful and talented women from all over the kingdom drifted to this centre.

Of these famous beauties of old we have no pictures except those drawn by their own native artists, and in these all the women seem to be of the same curious type. The faces are unnaturally long, the eyes oblique slits, and the eyebrows so slanted that if continued they would meet at an angle—but further description is useless; we all know the Japanese lady as depicted on the fans and jars of her native land.

A BATTLE-DOOR MAID.

The question is, are these pictures entirely imaginary, or are they correct representations of typical Japanese women? Most of us are well aware that the ordinary Japanese girl does not look like these pictures, but the question is, did such a type ever exist, and if so, does it still do so? Undoubtedly there was, and is yet, such a type, though it seems to be gradually dying out. The Tokugawas, the late Shoguns of the Empire, are of this type, and some of the ladies of the house are weirdly like the remarkable women depicted by their native artists. They have the same fragile appearance, the oblique eyes, elongated features, and slender, dainty hands and feet of the pictured aristocrat. Beauty of this sort excites more wonder than admiration in the breast of a foreigner, but by the Japanese themselves it is regarded as the highest type. Secluded

THE "GEISHA" DANCE.

in the family castles, these women live and die as their grandmothers and great-grandmothers did before them. An unvaried round of stately wearisome etiquette, with a little music, a little reading, and a little arranging of flowers according to certain formal rules, makes up the sum total of their lives.

Like Sleeping Beauty, they live in a dense forest of exclusion unknowing and unknown. Of the wonderful changes that are taking place in Japan all about them, only a dim rumor comes to them occasionally. Dainty, frail, and almost uncanny looking, they seem like embodied spirits of the feudal ages rather than ordinary flesh-and-blood women.

They are born, married, have children and depart this life without knowing much more of the world and its ways than when they first came into it; a narrow, even existence is theirs, with few very bright spots and few heavy shadows. This aristocratic type differs so essentially from the more heavily built, darker skinned, "pudding-faced" common type, that the origin of the former has excited investigation. It is now pretty generally concluded that while the present Japanese race were all originally Korean, there were two distinct tides of immigration. The first who came over were probably hardy adventurers, who visited the islands on fishing excursions, intermarried among the Aino, and finally settled down and began to develop the country. After a considerable number of these pioneers had redeemed the land and civilized the people to a certain extent, the way being smoothed for them, a more aristocratic class gradually followed them. These latter, being of much higher social status, never married among the Aino, the traces of whose coarser blood is seen yet in the so-called "pudding-faced" type.

So there are to-day in Japan two distinct types—the slender, willowy, as shown in the aristocratic lady, and the heavy plebeian of the low-class woman.

When we compare the Caucasian and Mongolian faces, we find that one of the principal differences is that while the former has a certain prominence about the eyes and upper jaw, the latter is almost flat in these regions. Another important difference is in the setting of the eye. With us the orbit is well defined, both above and below, but with a Japanese woman, the exact line where the forehead begins and the eyelids end would scarcely be distinguishable, were it not for the eyebrows. The eyes of both the Japanese and the Chinese are in reality the same shape as our own, but the eyelids of these races are drawn down so closely at the inner corners as to almost form a fold when the eyes are open. It is this peculiarity which gives that curious oblique look which is characteristic of the Mongolian face. This and the great flatness of the jaw lend the face a singularly meek and guileless look. These differences are also some of the reasons why Western people are not comely to the Japanese eye. According to their standard, the sunken orbit gives to our women even an appearance of grotesque ferocity that is far from pleasing.

In European dress the Japanese woman is, as a rule, far from pretty, though whether she looks as badly to us as our women in Japanese costume look to the Japanese is a mooted question.

The reason for this lies not only in the dissimilarity of figure, but also the distinctly opposite carriage of the body adopted by Eastern and Western women. The bearing considered the most correct and aristocratic for a Japanese lady is the head bent slightly forward, the shoulders rounded, and a slight stoop of the upper part of the body; a submissive deportment being regarded as an eminently proper one for the inferior sex. In the loose, draped *kimono*

of the native dress, such a carriage does not seem awkward or ungraceful, but in Western attire the effect is singularly bad.

The national dress demands a very curious gait, a sort of short, shuffling trot. The narrow skirt open down the front would flap round the legs and make more exposure than would be either comfortable or decorous if our easy, free walk were adopted. In order to prevent the least tendency to striding, girls frequently have a cord tied from one knee to the other. The shuffling is due to the heavy *geta* or wooden sandal, which is fastened to the foot only by a strap passing over and between the great toe.

The *geisha* have a peculiar swaying walk and carry the hands before the body in a manner considered particularly elegant. The dress of the "beauty," the empress and the maid-servant differs only in the daintiness, the richness, or cheapness of the material employed; the cut and style are the same, with the exception of the court robe, which is longer and drags on the ground.

On state occasions, the ladies attached to the court wear long trailing costumes of exquisite painted crepe, set out round the lower edge by a roll of silk batting.

Some of these court robes are indescribably beautiful. I remember seeing one worn by a Japanese marchioness at a ball in Tokyo, which surpassed anything I had ever imagined. It was of pale blue-gray crepe, with a flower pattern in dark blue, light blue, white and palest rose-pink, embroidered in silver and white silk floss.

The Japanese are essentially a nation of bathers, and the native belle frequently takes two or even three scalding hot baths a day.

Strange as it may appear, this excessively hot bathing has a beneficial effect and is refreshing instead of weakening, as we might naturally suppose. The water used is so warm

THE TOILET OF A DANCING GIRL.

that the bather comes out the color of a boiled lobster; no soap is used, and the little towel, with its artistic blue or red border, is about as large as a fair-sized pocket-handkerchief.

After her bath the beauty rubs herself with a little coarse muslin bag filled with rice chaff, which is supposed to have a wonderfully good effect upon the skin and complexion. Probably its real benefit lies in the fact that the skin is thus more thoroughly dried than by the simple use of the towel.

This part of her toilet completed, a light cotton *kimono* is slipped on, and the *geisha* comes out of the bath-room fresh and smiling, to place herself in the hands of the shampooer, who is usually a blind man, shampooing or massage being almost as popular a resource as organ-playing is in America.

The Japanese *amah* rubs down only, never up, and he uses the flat part of the forearm as well as his hand. Sometimes he rubs with a "massage box." This is a wooden ball fitted into a round wooden box sufficiently tightly to prevent its falling out, but loosely enough to allow it to move freely.

After paying the *amah* the customary fee of three cents an hour, the beauty places herself under the hands of the professional hair-dresser, who comes twice or four times a week, according to the length of his customer's purse. One of the greatest beauties of the Japanese women is long, lustrous black hair, the slight coarseness of which is more than atoned for by its length and abundance.

Unfastening the heavy coil of hair from the top of her head, where the *geisha* had rolled it up while she took her bath, the hair-dresser carefully washes it in tepid water, anoints it liberally with fragrant camellia oil, and fans it until it is dry. He proceeds then to build it into that elaborate superstructure affected by Japanese women. In order to make it into that apparently solid ebon mass, he stiffens it with a sort of black wax, similar to the cosmetique used by our dandies and men of fashion upon their mustachios.

The hair of the native beauty is never disordered, and no husband or lover would dream of stroking or caressing the wonderful coiffure of his lady-love. No rebellious little curls run riot in sweet confusion over her pretty head. The slightest tendency to curl or wave the Japanese girl regards with horror, and every hair is marshalled into place like a soldier.

Except costly and elaborate hair ornaments she wears little or no jewelry—no earrings, bracelets, rings, etc., but the inlaid tortoise-shell pins in her hair may cost a small fortune. After the hair-dresser has finished dressing his customer's abundant locks, he draws out of his case a pair of tiny tweezers and removes all the superfluous hair about the eyebrows, forehead, and neck.

Before the days of much foreign intercourse the ladies of the imperial family and court had the eyebrows entirely plucked out, and two black dots or lines high up on the forehead replaced them; but this custom is now obsolete.

If the *geisha* has no very clever maid, the hair-dresser will probably finish his work by painting Beauty's face for her. First with white rice-powder he marks out two V-shaped points, one running just below the nape of the neck at the back, and the other to a similar depth in front. He then powders her whole face and neck as far as the points indicated, rouges her cheeks slightly, reddens the lower lip in the centre, and carefully dots it with three gold spots. It is not at all uncommon to see the red paint on the lips put on so heavily that it shows the metallic green lustre.

Though all *geisha* and many aristocratic women of the old school still paint their faces upon special occa-

sions, the custom is dying out among the latter. The use of cosmetics on the face is never looked at askance, or as a secret of the toilet as it is with us. A few years ago Japanese women not only painted the neck and face upon festive occasions, but the company were supposed to be quite well aware of the fact. Indeed a native lady would have felt mortified if she thought the other guests imagined she did not know enough to wear cosmetics upon ceremonial occasions. It was as much a feature of full dress as *décolleté* costume is in Europe and Great Britain.

Native ladies who have received a Western education, either at home or abroad, do not openly assume paint or wear the three gold dots on the lower lip. But numbers of Japanese women beside the *geisha* retain the custom. The paint on the lower lip requires that it should be slightly protruded lest the moisture of the upper lip affect it, which tends to give a half-pouting but not ill-tempered expression to the face, though it can scarcely be said to improve the appearance. The blackening of the teeth by married women has become almost obsolete. About twenty years ago the present empress endeavored to totally abolish this ugly practice, and discouraged it not only by precept but by example. The stain was made by soaking iron filings in *saké* and was of so temporary a nature that it had to be renewed at least once a week, and if it was not constantly applied the teeth soon regained their natural hue. Here and there an old woman may be found who refuses to yield to the strange new-fangled ideas that are contaminating the young women of the day, and still blackens her teeth to-day just as she did when first married.

Certainly no custom could be more disfiguring or produce a more ghastly effect, but it has so nearly died out that a foreigner might live for months in Japan without meeting a woman with blackened teeth. Yet Mr. Clement Scott is credited with denouncing the Japanese women for following this unsightly fashion, which is much as if a Japanese writer were to condemn American women for wearing nightcaps, because he chanced to know, here and there, some old lady too conservative to change from the fashions of her youth when every one wore nightcaps as a matter of course.

Until very recently the age and condition of a Japanese woman was signified by the manner in which she wore her hair.

If it was rolled back from the face in one pompadour puff, the wearer was a married woman; if the puff was divided into three, forming one in the middle and one on each side, she was unmarried. Widows wore two different styles of coiffure, according to whether they wished to marry again or not. But these fashions are not so closely followed as they used to be, though they may still be seen occasionally.

In one particular the distinctive way of dressing the hair is very strictly preserved. No woman of good character ever wears the elaborate coiffure or the array of gaudy hair-pins that a *yugo* does. A halo of tortoise-shell ornaments, some of which may be a foot long, and a sash tied in front proclaim to the world at large the *yugo's* calling. Never under any circumstances does the *geisha* wear her sash thus; a fashion which is imposed by law upon the *yugo*.

After the *geisha* has been thoroughly rubbed by the *amah* and had her tresses arranged and her face painted by the professional hair-dresser, she retires to her own room to dress.

Slipping off her cotton *kimono*, she ties two little aprons round her waist, puts a sort of shirt over them, then an inner *kimono* is assumed. This is fastened round the waist by a narrow band called a *shita-jimé*, which is drawn as tightly as possible. The *shita-jimé* is placed not at the waist line, but round the hips and lower

part of the waist. The beauty of a woman's figure, according to the Japanese standard, lies in a straight line drawn from under the arm to the feet. The long, severe lines of the *kimono* do not accord with curves, but demand that the lines of the figure beneath it be as little undulating as possible.

If the fair *geisha's* figure shows an unfortunate tendency to curve at the waist and enlarge at the hips, she procures the assistance of her maid to draw her *shita-jimé* as tightly as she can endure it.

Western dress reformers who advocate the Japanese costume as not only artistic but healthy, would do well to consider these two points: in the first place, though there is little or no compression at the waist, there is frequently very severe pressure round the hips; and secondly, the skirt of the *kimono* is so exceedingly narrow that free movement of the legs is almost impossible.

Though from the standpoint of beauty I admire the Japanese dress, I very much doubt if from the side of ease and comfort it can be highly recommended.

Over the inner *kimono* and *shita-jimé* comes the outside *kimono*, which bears in five places the coat of arms of the establishment to which the *geisha* is attached. If the wearer is a lady, the wife of a gentleman or noble, she wears the crest of her husband's family stamped or worked in these five places, viz., between the shoulders in the back, each side of the breast in front, and on each sleeve near the wrist. If the weather is cold two or three *kimonos* are worn, one over another, while in warm weather only one is put on.

Last of all comes the *obi*, the pride and glory of the Japanese belle. This *obi* or broad sash may cost a small fortune or only a few dollars. It may be stiff with gold bullion, silver embroidery, or of silk woven with an exquisite pattern, designed by some great artist.

A silk cord fastens it at the back, and a cushion or pad is placed under the broad ends. This pad, I honestly acknowledge, spoils the effect of the whole costume, to my eye. The sash ends are frequently too short to be graceful, and the padding so large as to be out of all proportion to the figure.

The *geisha's* toilet is completed when she assumes her *tabi* or thick white socks with a compartment for the big toe, and padded soles. If, however, she is going out the maid brings her sandals of lacquered wood and fine plaited rice-straw, and slipping her big toe under the brilliant velvet strap, the beauty is attired for the street. She is ready then either to pay visits or to go shopping. No hat, bonnet, gloves, mantle, or cloak troubles her. If the weather is very cold a square of silk lined with crepe is tied over the head. Inside of it are two little ear-straps, which make it fit over the head smoothly, but to arrange it quickly and gracefully requires considerable knack. It is always worn square, never three-cornered.

Should the weather chance to be stormy, the *geisha* shelters her pretty head with a paper or silk umbrella, and replaces her sandals with a pair of high clogs.

The "professional beauty" shines in all her glory in entertainments given at private clubs. This is her own particular domain, the realm for which she is so long and carefully trained. She never appears at a public theatre, either to act or dance; that is only for men to do. The *geisha's* mission in life is to make other people enjoy themselves.

Japan is a land of clubs and has been ever since the Middle Ages, when tea clubs (*cha-no-yo*) came into fashion. These institutions have increased and flourished until there are clubs for every conceivable and inconceivable object under the sun. Both now and in those days of old, singing and dancing by beautiful

geisha has always formed one of the principal attractions of club entertainments. Ladies, that is, the wives, daughters, or sisters of the host or guests, are never invited to dinners or entertainments, whether given at the club or a private house. So the brilliant, captivating *geisha*, with her beauty and wit, supplies the feminine element that would otherwise be lacking.

One of the most celebrated clubs in Tokyo is the Koyo or Momeji Kwan, the Maple Leaf Club. The *geisha* connected with this establishment are the most famous and beautiful in Japan, and receive the highest prices for their services.

Whatever the morals of the girls connected with this and similar institutions may be as private individuals, as a whole, they bear a very good character and their conduct while at the clubhouse is decorous and modest.

A member of the club who intends to give a dinner or fête of any sort with *geisha* performances must make his arrangements some time before, as the engagement list of a fashionable and lovely *geisha* is filled long in advance.

The Koyo Kwan is situated in that part of Tokyo called Shiba. It is a lovely, picturesque place, surrounded by maple trees and overlooking the Bay of Tokyo.

Strange surroundings these for a fashionable club-house, but Japanese taste does not coincide with Western ideas in such matters.

The outside of the building and its interior are as beautiful as are the surroundings. Everything in any way connected with the Koyo Kwan bears the imprint of the maple leaf. The carvings round the ceilings, the square crepe cushions for the guests, the dresses of the attendants, even the little tables and tiny *saké* cups show the same pretty emblem. The sweetmeats offered at the end of a meal are deftly moulded into this shape, and colored brilliant red, yellow, pale green, etc., to give them the appearance of autumn leaves touched with the frost.

During the latter part of my visit in Tokyo it was my good fortune to receive an invitation to a dinner at this club.

The host was a very distinguished Japanese gentleman of views so enlightened that he is known by the sobriquet of "Young Japan."

This gentleman, Mr. Fukuzawa, has not only established a college for the training of young men, but he is also the editor of one of the most advanced papers in Japan.

The dinner was a very gorgeous and elaborate function, for upon such occasions the Japanese spend money with lavish prodigality.

There were about a hundred and fifty gentlemen present and only four ladies including myself, the latter all foreigners of course. The apartment in which we dined was in reality three rooms thrown into one. All round it ran a ledge of beautiful polished and grained wood about eight inches high and three or four feet wide. Upon this the large square crepe cushions were placed on which the guests sat.

Through some misunderstanding my invitation was not received until the dinner had begun.

Arriving at the door of the clubhouse the writer was met by a group of girls in soft dark *kimonos*, stamped with maple leaves. These were the attendants of the club, and two of them kneeling before me unbuttoned my boots. Knowing that a Japanese house could not be entered with boots on to cut and mar the fine, soft matting with sharp leather heels, a pair of bedroom slippers had been provided by me, being convinced that upon entering in my stocking-feet, there would be a nervous apprehension lest some hitherto unsuspected and impish hole should suddenly make its unwelcome appearance to disgrace me in the face of that distinguished company.

Five courses had passed, and there were thirty-five more to follow.

All the guests sat on their heels on their square cushions; an attitude to which the Japanese are accustomed, but which foreigners find very trying.

Before each stood a little lacquer stand about four inches high, and on this was set the dinner in tiny bowls, saucers, and cups. Pretty Japanese girls attended the guests, each one waiting upon three or four, before whom she knelt in turn, or as her services were required.

Neither bell nor gong was used to summon the servants. A guest who desired attention simply clapped his hands sharply together and a girl came running immediately to know his wishes.

The first course had been *soy*, that most delicious of all Japanese sauces. Another was boiled lotus root, which to my untutored palate tasted like cold boiled potatoes very much sweetened. There were flakes of raw fish which we all ate and enjoyed. But of all those forty or more courses two dishes were especially delicious. One of these is a sort of soup made of tiny oysters and the other boiled *hachi-ya-kana*. There were salads innumerable, seaweed *daikon* and bean sauce.

For one course a soup made of little eels was brought to us. We hoped those eels were not alive, but they did not taste cooked.

Presently three beautifully dressed *geisha*, carrying their musical instruments, entered the lower end of the room, and, after prostrating themselves in salutation, withdrew to one side. Seating themselves they began to twang their instruments and sing in a highly dramatic though rather discordant manner.

In a few moments three gorgeous radiant creatures in soft crepe *kimono*, covered with a pattern suggestive of maple leaves, glided in. One of the attendants handed each *geisha* a gilt fan with which they went through a variety of figures called the "Tokyo Dance," but which was more like some sort of drill than a dance. This particular performance is so exceedingly difficult and so seldom given, that some of the foreigners present, who had been resident in Japan for fifteen years, told me this was the first time they had seen it.

To describe the figures or poses would be impossible, but the soft, gayly colored dresses, the glittering fans, and the rhythmic motion produced a brilliant kaleidoscopic picture not easily forgotten. Suddenly the dancers dropped their fans to the floor, then fell on their knees and, bowing, rose and glided from the room as noiselessly as they had come in.

After an interval of twenty minutes, during which the dinner went on, two *geisha* entered, one wearing the trailing, inflated court robes of former days, and the other full, loose trousers, and carrying a long spear. After saluting the company (as is customary) these *geisha* enacted a scene from one of the classical dramas. It represented in conventional style the famous duel between Yoshitsuné and the giant Benkei, on the Hojo Bridge. Yoshitsuné, an historical hero, is said to have been gifted with superhuman agility, and tradition declares that upon this celebrated occasion he conquered the bewildered Benkei by jumping up in the air until he was out of sight, each time the latter made a pass at him. As a matter of course, the principal feature of this scene was the extraordinary springs into the air made by the *geisha*. Many of these leaps were exceedingly difficult, but they could scarcely be called either graceful or beautiful.

During the progress of the dinner, there were in all four *geisha* performances, two of which were scenes from plays, and two emblematic dances. The dresses were gorgeous, the *obi* stiff with gold bullion, and the coloring and materials of the *kimono* magnificent. The costumes that most

vividly impressed themselves upon my mind were worn by three *geisha* who took part in a dance called "The Maple Leaf." Their long, trailing *kimono* were of heavy ribbed white crepe strewn with deep crimson maple leaves, and their *obi* scarlet silk woven with gold leaves.

Two of the *geisha* who danced that evening were beautiful, the other only pretty or good-looking. One of them, a beautiful, unusually tall girl, was Ai-san, a beauty famous all over Japan for her loveliness. Slender and willowy, she looks taller than she really is. Her perfect oval face is set with great dark eyes, whose pleading, melancholy expression is enhanced by long black lashes. Her mouth is that prettiest of all shapes, a "cupid's bow," behind which her little white teeth show when her crimson lips part in that pathetic yet brilliant smile which is one of her greatest attractions.

No one who has seen these lovely *geisha*, in their rich brocades and dainty silks, can have any doubt concerning the beauty of Japanese women, but all will agree that the standard is different, and usually those Japanese women who are prettiest in our judgment are not so in the opinion of their countrymen. This fact was brought to notice by a little incident that occurred at the dinner before mentioned. It was remarked to a Japanese gentleman that a certain relative of Mr. Fukuzawa's was a very handsome man.

"When you see Mr. —— I think you will find him much handsomer," was the reply.

In a few moments the gentleman in question was introduced. He was short and slender, with a long, narrow face, oblique eyes, and slanting eyebrows, the male counterpart, in fact, of the conventional pictures of Japanese ladies, yet his countrymen considered him much handsomer than the man admired, who was tall, broad-shouldered, and well made, with a strong, manly face of much the same type as the familiar picture of Murillo's "Neapolitan Beggar"—a handsome, Italian cast of features, seen from time to time among the Japanese.

To compare American and Japanese women mentally, morally, and physically, is no easy task. If we are to judge of the beauty of these women by our own standard, the mass of Japanese women are not as good-looking to us as American or European women. But this is about as fair a criticism as if we asked a Japanese to tell us if he found our women beautiful as compared with his countrywomen.

Allowing the comparison, whether fair or unfair, there are Japanese girls whose beauty even the most prejudiced must acknowledge; lovely women, whose clear, white complexions, soft, dark eyes, and delicate features would excite the admiration of either Americans or Europeans.

One in particular rises before the writer's imagination, a vision of dainty loveliness that could not easily be surpassed; soft, dark eyes, fringed with jetty lashes, set in a face with the exquisite tinting of a child's skin; pencilled eyebrows, a small, scarlet mouth, pearly teeth, and hair so black that it made the complexion more white by contrast. She was the eighteen-year-old wife of a typical modern Japanese nobleman, but she wore the national dress of her country, the *kimono*, and her lower lip was painted with three gold dots.

Undoubtedly, to our eyes the ordinary plebeian Japanese women are not pretty. Their soft and courteous manners may bias our judgment in their favor, but in reality they are as little beautiful to us as we are to them.

Here and there in the streets of the cities, or perhaps in the villages, we may meet pretty girls, but great beauties are as rare in Japan as all the world over.

What Japanese, even of the better

class, travelling through America, sees our noted beauties? Though, indeed, as some of our fairest women are to be seen on the stage, he has more opportunity in this regard than foreigners have of seeing Japanese women, for they never appear at any theatre or on any stage.

Of the aristocratic women, the Marchioness Nabeshima is considered, both by foreigners and the Japanese themselves, to be the most beautiful of all the court ladies. She wears European dress, for she was educated in Paris, and is as lovely a little woman as one could imagine.

As to the mental capacity of the Japanese woman, when we remember her opportunities we must acknowledge that she has redeemed them gloriously, for her greatest obstacle,—want of education—she made the stepping-stone to success.

Her countrymen thought women unworthy and incapable of learning the classic Chinese characters and literary style taught all well-educated men. The result was most curious. Men wrote their books in stilted, formal Chinese, so that there was and still is a great gulf between the written and the spoken language; but women could neither read nor write these formal, dry-as-dust productions, so they wrote their own books, and to-day the classics of the living Japanese language owe their existence to women.

Mr. W. C. Aston, the authority on Japanese literature, says: "I believe no parallel is to be found in the history of European letters to the remarkable fact that a very large proportion of the best writings of the best age of Japanese literature is the work of women."

Murasaki, a court lady of the Middle Ages, wrote the *Genzi Monogatare*, which is the recognized standard for the language of her time.

The *Ise Monogatare* and *Makuri Zoshi*, which are classics, and a great deal of the poetry of the period, were written by women.

Japanese men have always admired women gifted with wit, poetic facility, and sparkling repartee, and in these the *geisha* and the court lady excel.

But in such matters it is almost impossible for a foreigner to judge, unless resident in the country many years, owing to the difficulty of communication, for Japanese is one of the most intricate languages in the world. But that there have been Japanese women of great intellect, history plainly proves. When we remember what they have accomplished in literature and in art, that four empresses besides the warrior-empress Jingu ruled Japan with remarkable ability and firmness, not to say brilliancy, we can hardly in fairness assert that Japanese women are lacking in mental endowment.

Native history would show a woeful hiatus if all the names of women were stricken from its pages.

Many Japanese women were expert in the use of arms and thoroughly understood the art of fencing, besides the use of the more warlike weapons.

They are devoted wives and mothers, and whether legally married or bound only by some irregular tie, they are faithful and true—adultery being almost unknown among women.

There is much the same difference between them and our own women as there was between our great-grandmothers and the men of their day. They have had neither the education nor the advantages of our girls, but every day they more nearly approach the Western standard. Already there is beginning to be as wide a breach between the old-school Japanese women and the modern native girl as there is between the nineteenth-century American woman and the English girl of the eighteenth century.

Hitherto the *geisha* has been the only educated woman in Japan, except the ladies of the court, whose numbers were so few as not to affect the question. In consequence, many

a clever *geisha* made a brilliant marriage, simply because she added to her other attractions a cultivated mind.

Foreign writers, who know whereof they are speaking, predict the gradual disappearance of the *geisha* before the spread of Western ideas.

The modern Japanese man will seek his amusement at the public theatre, where he will soon expect to see actresses as well as actors, and the lovely, captivating *geisha* will sink into obscurity, or seek some other occupation.

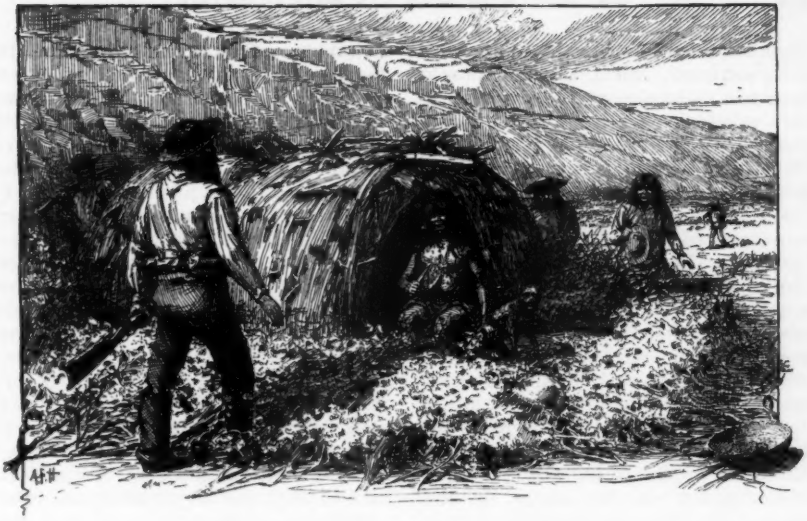
But with her will disappear one of the most fascinating and characteristic phases of Japanese life, and the reign of the genuine "professional beauty" will be o'er.

TO CALIFORNIA'S GRATE FIRES.

BY MINNA V. GADEN.

WHETHER primeval forests there are burned,
In by-gone age by mightier agents turned
To thine account, or whether blaze the logs
Thy mountains grew above thy cities' fogs
Up in the sunshine they perpetuate
Whene'er they burn within the peaceful grate,
The hearths of California's homes must be
The scenes where painters of her destiny
Shall ever their best inspiration find,
The place where future greatness is enshrined.
Before the lifted curtain of the grate
Are the great scenes enacted of the state,
Its real drama played upon the stage
Of the home life of every passing age.

The gold, resplendent sunshine that we boast
Is ever prodigal to give us most
Abundantly the daily bread of life,
And that with minimum of daily strife
Is concentrated in the firelight's glow
To warm our homes and hearts to overflow
With that which satisfies the larger needs
Of life, our spiritual nature feeds.
Philanthropy is born within the home
And gently nurtured there. Though it be grown
To full estate and peaceful empire sway,
Still must its life be lived at home. No rays
Of sun a wide prosperity requires
So much as those transformed in altar fires.



THE WILD WOMAN OF SAN NICOLAS ISLAND.

BY JAMES M. GIBBONS.

IF we could form a mental picture of San Nicolas Island as it appeared half a century ago, we should find its physical features the same as those which it presents to-day—a rocky, wave-beaten finger-tip of nature peeping above the surface of the Pacific nearly due southwest of Los Angeles, moss-carpeted where the brushwood has found no soil wherein to take root, and rising in the centre so as to form a hill with somewhat steep declivities. We should perceive at the base of this eminence springs of fresh water which would supply the unfortunate mariner who might have the ill-luck to be cast away on that uninviting shore. Wild dogs would be seen roaming about or stealthily creeping up to the seals that lay basking in the sun and slumbering on the craggy rocks and beach, while shags perched on peaks and slabs plume their oily feathers in the warm rays. The twittering of small birds in the brush might also form part of this mental impression. These would seem to be the only signs of animal life on the island, and our first impression would be that it was uninhabited by human being. A closer scrutiny, however, would reveal to us on the mainland side of the hill three small brushwood huts with frameworks of the bones of the whale, and a low brush fence before them as a wind-break. In front of one of these lowly huts would be seen a woman squatted on the ground engaged in weaving a water vessel, or bottle, her textile material being grass fibre, of which she had an abundance at hand, collected from the margins of springs and the moist, swampy patches which occupy the nooks and recesses of the island. Ever and anon she raises

her eyes from her work, gazing wistfully seaward, and if a vessel should heave in sight she would be seen to rise excitedly, calling out "Manequauna" at the top of her voice and frantically waving her arms. Then, as the vessel bears away, dipping and rising with the billows, its crew unconscious of her call for rescue, she "puts her head on the ground and lies on the ground and weeps." She is a very comely woman of the Indian race, though her features are weather-worn and her hair matted and sun-bleached. Her well-developed, muscular figure is displayed under her tightly fitting coat, which with Indian patience she has made out of the skins of shags caught by night while asleep on the crags by the shore. The lone Indian on that little sea-girt isle is the Wild Woman of San Nicolas Island.

The story of the Wild Woman of San Nicolas Island is a singular one. Outlines and summaries of it have been published from time to time, but a full account has never been given, nor has any part of it been presented as related by the principal actors engaged in her rescue after she had lived in solitude for seventeen years on that lonely isle. That it can be so given now is due to the zeal and thoughtfulness of Mr. D. W. Thompson, one of the fathers of the City of Flowers, and to him we are indebted for a decidedly curious page of history. In 1882 Mr. Thompson, accompanied by a short-hand reporter, sought out those principal actors—the venerable pioneers George Nidever and Charles Brown—and by elaborate questioning obtained full particulars connected with the unfortunate woman's career. From their statements we are enabled to furnish the following narrative of facts.

George Nidever was born in Tennessee in 1802, and left home when only ten years old to follow the vocation of a hunter and trapper. The first field of his operations was Arkansas; thence he proceeded to Texas, which at that time belonged to Mexico. Returning to Arkansas, he joined a company which left for the Rocky Mountains to trap beaver. At starting the party was forty-eight strong, and, ever pushing westward, thirty-six of them, among whom was Nidever, finally reached Monterey in 1834, twelve of their number having dropped out by the way. The journey occupied several years of adventurous travel, during which time the party subsisted on buffalo, deer, and bear meat, experiencing much annoyance from Indians, who stole their skins and otherwise molested them. After reaching California, Nidever settled down at Santa Barbara in 1835 and engaged in sea-otter hunting, a vocation which he pursued for thirty years, during the earlier part of which period he took part in several conflicts with Indians.

Charles Brown, whose real name is Carl Ditman, was twenty years Nidever's junior, having been born in Prussia in 1822. He followed the sea for ten or twelve years, and reached California in 1844, sailing under Captain Wilson. He also engaged in otter-hunting, and has remained permanently in the country ever since his arrival.

It is conjectured by these pioneers that all the Santa Barbara Islands were settled by Indians, who according to Brown were much molested by the tribes from the northwest. These warlike savages would cross the channel in their canoes and hunt and shoot the poor islanders, "just for mischief." Whatever may have been the reason for adopting such a measure, the Mexican government, Nidever informs us, decided to remove the Indians dwelling on the island to the mainland and distribute them among the missions. It is with the removal of those on San Nicolas that our narrative is concerned.

The small schooner sent by the authorities to bring off the family,

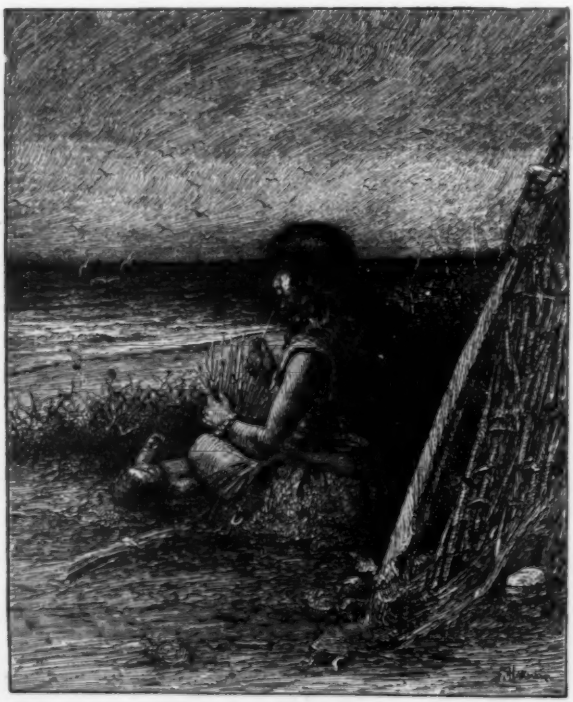
which consisted of seven or eight members, was called *Better-than-Nothing* and was in command of an old sea-otter hunter named Sparks. They succeeded in getting all on board except the woman, who, though brought down to the beach, was so distracted at her two children having been left behind that they let her go back and sailed away. There is some doubt whether she had one child or two, but Mr. Brown says: "I understand she made plain signs; showed two fingers for two children. She shook her breast; one was nursing and the other had teeth. She sucked her fingers." Little it matters now whether she had one or two babies: the cruel fact remains that the poor creature was abandoned to her fate by Sparks and his crew, heartless semi-savage hunters who recked little of the life of an Indian. To judge from reports handed down, it may be inferred that she returned to the beach before the schooner was at any great distance from the shore. Otherwise how could such a detail originate and become current as this narrated by Brown? "When she got there [the lower part of the island] she found the vessel going away. She called 'Manequauna!' They made signs to her that they would come back. She put her head on the ground and laid on the ground and cried; and they never came." And again he says: "They told her they would come back to-morrow, but they never came back." So she was left to return to her desolate hut, with the wild dogs and the sea-birds' cry rising above the hoarse murmur of the surf howling by night around her. Nidever states that after she was brought off the island by him seventeen years later she made signs that her child had been devoured by the wild dogs. Those creatures were numerous on the island at that time, but were poisoned off many years later. The same authority informs us that it was the intention of Sparks to go back for her, but the schooner was lost soon afterward on a voyage to San Francisco, and then adds: "All thought the woman would not live long, so they did not go back." The reader must form his own conclusion with regard to this sad episode.

It is not difficult to picture to one's self the condition and miseries of this lonely woman, separated from husband and family and dependent on herself for every necessity of life. We can see her day by day gazing seaward, on the watch for the boat. The days summed up into months and months grew into years, but no schooner returned. She saw ships going by, this way and that, but nobody came for her. Her cry of "Manequauna" was unheeded, and as time lapsed she became adapted to circumstances and her surroundings. With deft fingers she wove baskets and water-tight vessels, smearing the latter with melted asphaltum; she twisted the sinews of seals, which she caught while sleeping, into fishing-lines; she dug up the succulent roots of plants and roasted them over fire obtained by rubbing two sticks together; and clothed herself in sea-bird skins which she sewed together with fine sinew with the aid of needles made of bone. As the years passed by she became contented with her lot; time dulled her grief, and she accepted the situation with the stoical resignation of her race. Fish, seal flesh, and roots formed her diet; pure spring water was her only beverage. Once she fell deadly sick, lying helpless on the ground for days before she recovered. Pioneer Brown says: "She made signs that she had been sick, lying in the dirt for days. She could not move; all alone, she was down sick and got well."

But the day arrived when the white man again interfered with the current of her life, and with fatal result. The time came at last when she was to leave her island home. It seems to have been suspected, if not confidently understood, that a wild woman

was living on San Nicolas Island, for Padre Gonzales, of Santa Barbara, requested Nidever to search for her. "I went over three times," he says, "before I found her." On the last expedition Nidever took over several Indians in addition to two or three white men as crew, Pioneer Brown being also on board. Reverencing first-hand matter more than literary form, we will quote the words of the aged pioneer's dictation as he narrated the circumstances attending the finding of her: "We took all ashore except the cook. We thought she would try and hide, and we scattered off, two or three hundred yards apart. She had a little house made of brush, and had a fire. Sitting by the fire with a little knife, she was working with it. She had a bone. All came up and looked at her well. She had a heap of roots. That is what she lived on; she had little sacks to carry them in. As soon as we sat down she put a lump of them to roast on the fire. Finally we got ready to go, and made signs for her to come with us. She understood the signs, for she picked up her things to take them on board. She did not appear to be seasick at all, and was contented. Next day we moved ashore and stayed there a month and killed a good many otter. She appeared to like everything we had to eat. She was very willing to come with us."

Brown is much more circumstantial in his account, which may be explained by the facts that, being so much younger than Nidever, his memory of the occurrence was more retentive of particulars, and that he was the principal actor in the search. From his dictation we learn that Nidever had previously to this third visit to the island seen signs of the Indian woman, but had afterward failed to find the tracks. On the occasion when Brown accompanied him, the weather was stormy, and it was three days before they could effect a landing. It will be interesting to many readers of the CALIFORNIAN and only justice to the old pioneer himself to quote from his dictation some portion of the account he gives of the finding of the Wild Woman. He says:



THE WILD WOMAN AT WORK.

"I went round the head of the island and found tracks of the woman; went back and told the old gentleman that the wom-

an was alive. He said it must be some of our Indians. I said, 'Our Indians have got bigger tracks than that.' He said, 'Well, if you think she is alive, let us hunt for her, and take all the men ashore.' We went up to the head of the island. There was a kind of hill in the middle. I put my Indians a couple of hundred yards apart. I did not know what kind of woman she was, thought she might bite or scratch. We went from one side of the island to the other and could not see the hill, and she was sitting on the side of the hill watching us. When we got across to the Indians I said, 'There's nothing here, let's go back.' There was a basket and some feathers. She catched shags and had a coat made without sleeves, nicely covered with seal-skin. I said to the Indians, 'You go to the hill and scatter the feathers and things in the basket, and if she is alive she will find them.' The same day we found them all gathered up again and put in the basket."

On the following morning Brown persistently continued the hunt. Toiling up the hill, when he was about half-way up, he caught sight of her. She was carrying something heavy, and rested at intervals as she ascended. Presently he came in sight of "three huts made out of whale-bone. Here he expected to find her, but peering in found that she was not there. Presently he espied "something like a crow sitting on a whale-bone," and perceiving that it was the woman he was in search of, he raised his gun with his hat on it as a signal to the Indians whom he hastily summoned, as he did not know if she would "bite or scratch." He thus continues his narration:

"She had a brush fence, about two feet high, to break the wind, and right in front of me she sat facing me. The sun was coming in her face. She was skinning a seal before I came up to her. The dog, when he noticed me, began to growl. Thinking she might run I stepped round her, and she bowed as if she knew me before, and when the Indians came up they all kneeled." The poor creature, when she saw beings of her own color and race, "held out some of her food" to them. She exhibited no fear, and at a sign went without demur with her captors, if such they can be called, though she afterward gave them to understand that she would not have joined them if they had not found her. Brown and his followers carried away with them all her primitive belongings. "I took everything she had," he says, "and she took a big seal-head in her basket, and that was all. We all had something to carry." Arriving at a watering-place "she washed herself over. Her hair was all rotting away, and kind of bleached by the sun." When they reached the vessel she kneeled and crawled to the stove which was on deck. Brown gave her some biscuit which she enjoyed, and made petticoats and skirts for her out of bed-ticking and sailors' clothes.

During their month's stay at the island, the Wild Woman was perfectly well and happy with her new friends. She camped out with them, living on the same food that they did, fetching fuel and water for herself, and returning to camp without making any attempt to escape. In camp she would "play like a child," or occupy herself in making baskets, working at a dozen or more of them. She worked on one and then on the other, never finishing them. She liked potatoes, rice, and fish; she did not eat much, but often, just like a child. Brown narrates a touching incident which marks the sympathy of this child of nature for dumb animals and her kindly disposition. She had a young sea-otter, and to prevent the sun from shining in its eyes, she rigged up a shade with sticks and hung it over the little creature.

On their return to the mainland they encountered rough weather, yet the Wild Woman would not stay be-

low, but remained on deck making signs to the men "to pray for the wind to go down." On their passage they discovered that she had names for all the islands, but Brown could not recollect them. "When we came to Santa Barbara beach there was nobody living there except old man Nidever. Seeing the boys coming along on horses, she thought it was awful; and when she saw the cattle she crawled on the sand beach on her hands and knees."

When the Wild Woman reached Santa Barbara all her family were dead. They had been taken to San Pedro, where they pined and died under the Indian-destroying wand of civilization; so nobody could understand her dialect. The priests tried hard to get her life's story from her, but her gibberish was unintelligible. Indians were brought to her from Ventura, Santa Barbara, and other places, but they could only understand a few words spoken by her. Nidever states that efforts were made to find some tribe that could talk with her, but without success. Finally an old woman who had been raised on one of the islands was found who could understand what she said to a limited extent; but most of her communications were made by means of signs.

At the Mission of Santa Barbara the Wild Woman was baptized under the Christian name of Juana Maria, as Brown thinks, though not feeling certain on that point. From one of the men who had sailed in the little schooner *Better-than-Nothing* she received the name of that vessel. Wild Woman is a misnomer. Brown, who before he became acquainted with her entertained a judicious apprehension as to the diversified capabilities of her teeth and finger-nails, makes this remark: "They all asked me if she was wild. She was not wild." Poor harmless, childlike creature, with a great capacity for happiness, she enjoyed her new life, and displayed no symptoms of ferocity. Says Nidever: "She would go round to different homes and dance Indian dances. She went all over town and the Mission, always a party of twenty or thirty Indians and Mexicans with her." Brown corroborates this testimony as to her contentment: "Happy as a lady. She would dance when any one came in." Clothes were her especial delight. The woman was a great curiosity, and Nidever, who had taken her into his house, was offered $1,000 to part with her, the object of the would-be purchaser being to exhibit her. To his lasting honor he refused to make such a bargain, because "it did not look right to me to sell a person."

But the end was drawing near. Change of diet cut short the life of the luckless Juana Maria, who would doubtless have lived many years longer had she been allowed to remain in her island home, or even if due caution had been taken with regard to what she ate. "If," says Brown, "they had worked it right and kept her on her food, she might have been alive yet. She was about forty-five or fifty when we found her." But she was supplied to her heart's content with green corn, melons, pumpkin, and squash, and after the brief enjoyment of a new, strange life to her, for a month or five weeks, she sickened and died. She drew her last breath under Nidever's roof, where her home had been from the day when she landed on Santa Barbara beach. The priests acquired her bird-skin dress and all her curious chattels. "The dress the priests have," says Nidever. "I think they sent it to Rome. My wife let them have her needles and all her things." On the same subject Brown remarks: "Nidever gave it [the dress] to the priests, and they sent it to Rome. She had needle-bone with eyes drilled in, a knife made of bone, and another of a piece of wood. She had the wooden knife when I found her, cleaning the seal-skin. She had

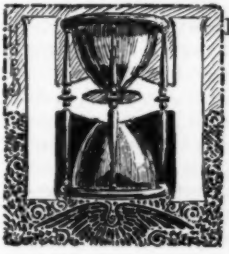
nails pointed for catching fish with, and the rope was as nicely twisted with sinews as any rope-maker could do it. And she had bottles made of grass about the size of a gallon demijohn, and we found some dishes of wood with handles. I gave all these things to Nidever."

Juana Maria's life on San Nicolas Island was the exceptional experience of a human being who was not, as was the case with Alexander Selkirk, left alone thousands of miles away from a coast inhabited by a civilized community. She was no great distance from the mainland, where the matin and vesper bell rang morning and night at Christian missions. Otter-hunters undoubtedly visited the island during her whole residence on it, and the fact of her existence there was evidently known. But not until her very nature was so changed that she had become contented with her lot and had ceased her cry of "Manequauna" to the passing ships, were any measures taken to remove her from her rocky isle. Then they carried her off, unfortunate Juana Maria Better-than-Nothing! White men made her suffer. She lost her babe or babies; she lost her family; she lost the knowledge of her language; and at last, poisoned by the luxuries of a more civilized race, she lost her life.

MY "BUNKY."

BY ROBERT HOWE FLETCHER.

(Author of "The Johnstown Stage," "The Drummer of Co. C," etc.)



HE was a private in Troop "J," 11th regiment, U. S. Cavalry, and so was I. We served together up at Fort Ripley, in Idaho Territory, a good many years ago. John Smith was the name I was known by on the company rolls, and his name was Daniel Borley. My number was 36, and his was 37, and our bunks stood together in the squad-room. This was twenty-five years ago, before the time when the quartermaster issued woven wire mattresses, sheets and pillow-cases. In our days bunks were made of inch planks, and in the way of bedding bed-sacks filled with clean straw at the corral every Saturday, together with a pair of blankets, was thought to be luxury enough. Indeed the contrast between us and the soldiers of the present was not confined to "camp and garrison equipage." We were a different set of men altogether. Any old resident of San Francisco will recall the time when our regiment came west by way of the Isthmus (of which we took possession completely from Aspinwall to Panama, driving the Dagos in terror from the road) and how, when we came to San Francisco, the citizens besought the general commanding the division to get us out of the town before we had looted it entirely. It was soon after the war, and while the respectable portion of the disbanded armies had gone back to its home life and regular occupations, the riff-raff was floating about and naturally drifted into the catch-basin of the recruiting office.

We were a hard lot, and when I use the word "we" let it be understood that it is with no sense of pride in the blackguardly achievements of the regiment. Through stress of circumstances I was simply wearing its uniform, that was all, and Dan Bor-

ley was my "bunky." Dan was a Western man, powerfully built, of medium height, thin in the flank and deep in the chest, with square shoulders and square, clean-shaven jaws, a hard rider in the field and a model soldier on parade. His uniform fitted him as though Lester had made it, a rare thing in those days when the quartermaster issued ready-made clothing in sizes from 1 to 4, and the men preferred to invest their money in beer rather than waste it on the company tailor. When Dan went on guard his metal-work was fairly dazzling, and the adjutant always picked him out for the commanding officer's orderly.

We all had our faults, or our misfortunes, whichever way you choose to regard them. They were the cause of more than one of us losing his identity in a cavalry regiment on the frontier. Dan's trouble was commonplace enough—he was in the habit of getting drunk. When I think of the loneliness of that desolate land, with its prairies floored with parched buffalo-grass, glaring and empty under the summer sun, or stretching gaunt and gray under the cold, dreary sky of winter, it is no surprise to me that the men who lived in it got drunk. It was a brutalizing sort of life, and this seemed the only means of getting away from ourselves. The trouble with Dan was that he would not get drunk in a quiet way and go off in the brush to sleep himself sober as others did. When he started in to drink he wanted everybody to know it, and nothing less would content him than to take the post as he had helped to take the Isthmus. So then there would be wild work between him and the guard until they had landed him in the dark cell, with the door shut on his ravings, if, in the mean time, the officer of the day had not come along and ordered him gagged and tied up by the thumbs.

The men of Troop "J" of the 11th were not thinkers or reasoners, and as a rule they were none too good for their condition; indeed, some of them would have been suitably off in a penitentiary. And Dan—well, when Dan had liquor in him he could hold his own with the worst. Sober, he was a decent enough sort of fellow, with an ox-like intellect, a stanch friend and a strong enemy, seeing little humor in life, governed by his feelings, which he never attempted to analyze, and priding himself solely on keeping his horse in good condition and his kit clean.

The captain of our troop, generally known as "the old man," had been appointed from the volunteers. I doubt if he would have been able to pass the examinations that have been recently instituted, but he was a good commander, and managed his troops with an iron hand. He was a bachelor, as were the other officers at the post; the surgeon, who was a civilian, a "contract doctor," being the only married man. I have said that there were no refining influences at Fort Ripley, and though women are generally supposed to exert a refining influence the statement holds, for the doctor's wife was a shrill-voiced, slatternly woman of middle age, whose energies were all bent on ruling her husband, bringing up her family of five ill-favored children, and squeezing all that she could out of the Government. Besides this inattractive person there were two other women, wives of soldiers, and laundresses for the troops, who lived in small log houses back of the barracks. The doctor's wife, across the parade ground, was universally disliked, and "Wash-Tub Avenue," as the line of married men's quarters was called, was the breeding-place of most of the rows and scandals that disturbed the peace; so that the presence of these women was distinctly not refining. But there came a time when this condition was changed. That was when our new lieutenant's wife joined. It may be that I am wrong in attributing to this gentlewoman's presence

the incidents which go to make up my bunky's story. But that you shall judge for yourself.

The former first lieutenant of our troops had recently been promoted away from the post, and we were expecting his successor, an officer who had been east on leave of absence. The day before he arrived Dan put in a pass for twenty-four hours to go to Blue Gulch. Blue Gulch was the nearest settlement to the fort, about ten miles away, just outside of the Indian reservation. It was the terminus of the Boise City and Cœur d'Alene stage line, and besides the hotel and one store it was made up of saloons, dance-houses, and like places. The largest of these was the "Miner's Rest," which had a gorgeous bar with plate-glass mirror and nickel-plated fittings, and which conducted a number of gambling games on percentage in its one big room opening on the street. Dan came back from the social amusements of Blue Gulch on time, just sober enough to pass inspection, and with his hand tied up in a cloth.

"It's a bite," he said, taking off the wrapping and looking at his thumb, which, sure enough, was inflamed and swollen, with the mark of teeth in it. "It was Monty Pete that done it," explained Dan, with a sinister look. "I'll get even with him for it one o' these days." Then he went on to tell me, with a good deal of profanity, how it had happened. "I was in the 'Rest' last night," he said, "and Monty Pete had a faro layout, and I begun chucking agin' it. Full? of course I was full—full as a tick! But for all that I knowed what I was a-doin'. I coppered the queen and he turned up a queen for the bank, an' he says, as bold as brass, 'Queen loses, ten wins,' and pulled down my pile. 'The hell queen loses!' I say. 'You turned up a queen; what do you mean by that?' But he paid no more attention to me than if I'd been a blind coyote. So then seein' that both his hands was busy at each end of the lay-out, I just naturally reached over and helped myself to the cash. But quicker'n I could get out of the way he stooped his ugly mug and he grabbed my hand with his teeth and shook it like a terrier would a rat. The pain of it made me drop the money; then he let go my hand and whipped out his pistol and stood me off. There was a lively time for a moment. I had no pistol, and some o' the crowd grabbed me and was for taking me out and hanging me, and others were for throwing the d—d drunken soldier into the street. And in the middle of it all a stranger shoves his way alongside o' me, and says, 'Gentleman, let's have fair play. Because the man's a soldier is no reason why he should be abused.' Then Pete opened out on him, but the stranger didn't bluff worth a cent, and Dick Stone, who owns half interest and was tending bar, he chips in and tells Pete to shut up, and then he asks for the right of the trouble, and I give it to him straight. He was for smoothing things over by making Pete give me back my stake, but I says, 'No. I either won the money or I didn't, an' if I couldn't have my winning, I didn't want my stake.' And the stranger spoke up and said that was fair. And the upshot of it was that Dick Stone, after talking awhile with Pete and the others that was playing, gave me back my stake and my winning. But I'll get even with the cheating son of a hound!" concluded Dan, examining his maimed hand, and shaking his head slowly from side to side.

"Did you find out who the man was that took your part?" I asked.

"No," said Dan, "but he was a gentleman."

"I've no doubt," I replied, knowing that every man who carried a pistol in that country was a gentleman.

"He was a gentleman, I tell you," said Dan doggedly. "I ain't been bunking with a gentleman for two

years without bein' able to size one up when I see him."

"However that may be," I said, knowing very well that Dan's notion of a gentleman was not necessarily complimentary, and that he was merely stating what he considered to be a fact, as though he had said I was a gambler or a pugilist. "However that may be," I said, "the best thing you can do is to go to the hospital steward and get him to do something for that wound, or you'll have trouble with it."

That afternoon at stable call our new lieutenant made his appearance with the captain, walking up and down the lines talking about the horses. Dan was grooming the horse next to mine, accompanying his brush with a peculiar hissing sound, as is the habit of some hostlers, when, after the officers had passed us, he whispered to me, "That's him!"

"Who?" I said, knocking my brush against the curry-comb to cover the conversation from the sergeant.

"The stranger that took my part in the 'Miner's Rest' last night," said Dan.

I looked at the new lieutenant again, with more interest, and although I still had my doubts as to my bunky's ability to tell a gentleman when he saw one, he was undoubtedly right in this instance.

It was a week after his arrival at the post that the lieutenant drove into Blue Gulch with the ambulance, a two-seated spring wagon, to meet the stage which was to bring his wife. Darkness had fallen when he returned, so that few knew of her coming, and it was a surprise for most of us next morning at guard-mount when we saw the slender figure of a woman dressed in a light summer costume standing on the porch of the lieutenant's quarters. After guard-mount she crossed the parade-ground with her husband for a stroll. She wore a garden hat made up of white lace with a flower or two, and she carried a parasol covered with lace and lined with rose-colored silk that shed a soft, warm radiance, in which she walked. So dainty a thing was a strange sight for us rough riders, and the men crowded at the little windows, craning their necks to get a furtive look at her.

Dan was on guard that day, and as usual was the commanding officer's orderly. The officers' houses were built double, a set of quarters on each side with a porch extending along the front common to both. The lieutenant's quarters adjoined the captain's, who commanded the post, so that Dan, whose business it was to stand in front of the commanding officer's house in readiness for his call, saw this lady near at hand several times during the course of the day. And when he came off duty that evening some of the men chaffed him about it, and asked him if he had spent a pleasant day with the lieutenant's wife; was he going to call on her in the evening? and uttered other cheap witticisms of like nature, not very refined, perhaps, but meaning no harm. To their surprise, Borley turned upon them, and with his usual forcible and profane language proceeded to give them a lecture on decency and respect, which coming from him was singular. Dan concluded his remarks by telling them that if they did not like it they knew what they could do, and waited with a lowering face to see whether any of them would accept his challenge. But they, knowing very well what he could do, wisely let it pass unheeded, turning the matter off with a laugh.

During the three weeks that followed, the lieutenant's wife, as was proper, showed an interest in her husband's troops and learned the names of several of the men, and among others my bunky's name, he being prominent as orderly, and had a pleasant smile and a good-morning for him when she came out on the porch at guard-mount. Dan had told me about this one evening when he

came off, and how he had turned red and saluted.

"I didn't know what the h—l to do," he said, knocking the ashes out of his clay pipe on the toe of his brogan.

"I don't know what else there was to do," I replied.

"She's not like anything I ever seen before," he said, meditating. "I didn't know as there was any women like that."

And then he got up and proposed that we go over to the sutler's store and get a drink. I declined; but he went. He had kept sober for an unusually long time, and I was not surprised when he failed to get back that night. I tumbled his blankets to make it seem that he was in them in case of a check roll-call, but he did not appear at reveille and was reported absent again at "stables." It was not until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when half of the garrison was dozing and the silence was so profound you could hear the crickets chirping in the hot grass outside, that Dan made his presence known. He started his row at the trader's store. Going out on the barrack porch, I saw the corporal and a file of the guard come out of the guard-house and go over after him. He came back between them, talking loud though otherwise peaceable, till they got him half-way across the parade-ground; then all of a sudden he straightened out both of his arms and sent the corporal staggering one way and the private another, after which he began rolling up his sleeves and crying out that he was nothing but a poor drunken soldier, but that it would take more than a corporal and a file of the guard to take him to the guard-house, and that he wanted everybody to know it. Everybody did know it, for the noise he made could be heard all over the post and brought plenty of spectators out to see the cause of it. The corporal and his man, as soon as they recovered, jumped him right away, but encumbered with their arms they were no match for him, and the sergeant, seeing this from the porch of the guard-house, sent another man to help. But the three of them had more than they could do to carry Dan, for he just lay on his back and cried and fought and swore, till at last the corporal, losing all patience, ordered his two men to stand aside, and drawing his sabre, seemed as though he would give the business a bloody ending, when just at this moment our lieutenant, who was officer of the day, came striding across the parade-ground and bade the corporal wait. Then turning to the crazy athlete, who had risen to his feet and was swaying from side to side with the sweat pouring down his red face and neck, his hair in his eyes, and his chest heaving under his torn shirt, he said: "Borley, go to the guard-house!"

"Lieutenant," said Dan, saluting him, "I'm nothing but a poor, miserable, drunken soldier!"

"Go to the guard-house!" repeated the lieutenant.

"I'll do it," said Dan after looking at him for a moment. "I'll do it for you, but there's not another man in the garrison I'd do it for." And off he started for the guard-house.

The corporal sheathed his sabre and stepped alongside of him and a private stepped on the other side, each taking him by an arm. But Dan stopped and shook them off with an oath, and stood at bay once more. "Take your hands off of me," he said. "I'm obeying the lieutenant's orders, and I can do it without your help." Whereupon the lieutenant told the corporal to let him walk quietly if he would, and so they started once more, and Dan walked himself into the dark cell and was locked up.

The next morning I went on guard and Dan turned out with the prisoners, looking sodden and stale. The prisoners were kept at work all day, and it fell to me to go out with them on the first relief as sentinel. After we had taken the water-wagon around

and filled the water-barrels at the different houses, I took the prisoners, as was the custom, into the back yards of the officers' quarters to saw and split stove wood. While they were at work in the lieutenant's yard I stood near the entrance to the passageway. Dan was carrying a load of small wood into the kitchen and had just tumbled it into the box, when the lieutenant's wife, dressed as usual in some fresh and dainty fashion, came out of the dining-room. Dan was for walking out looking neither to right nor left, but she spoke to him.

"Borley," she said, in a tone of rebuke, "I am sorry to see you here." Dan turned very red, stood at attention, with his eyes on the floor, and said nothing. "I had thought," she added, "that you had more pride." Then she turned away and gave some instructions to the cook, while Dan came on out into the yard and went to splitting wood without a word.

Well, a garrison court gave him twenty days in the guard-house and a forfeiture of ten dollars of his pay for this affair, which was not so much for getting drunk, I fancy, as for resisting the sergeant of the guard and raising a row on the parade-ground. When Dan had served out his time as a prisoner and come back to duty, he was very taciturn and quiet, which was only natural. He devoted all of his hours to keeping his kit clean and bright, but it was a long time before he was chosen orderly again. No one but I knew how hard Dan worked for his old place, and how he went on guard each morning in his fine parade clothes fitting his squarely built figure like a glove and the sheen of his carbine barrel and his buttons as dazzling as the sun, hoping that this would be the morning he would win it back; but it was always some other man who walked over to the commanding officer's quarters to report when the old guard was relieved, while Borley was left pacing his beat in front of the guard-house, showing all who cared to see how a perfect soldier stood sentry duty. He never made any complaint or even spoke to me of the matter. We both knew that the "old man" had told the adjutant not to appoint him. Only the two lines that went from the corners of Dan's mouth to the corners of his square chin deepened as I had seen them deepen when we were in a tight place in an Indian skirmish, or when he was stripped to the waist standing up against some man in the troops to see which was the better of the two; and at every disappointment he only strove the more.

Until, at last, a day came when the ban was removed and it was Dan who marched over to the commanding officer's house to report as orderly, and the lieutenant's wife was standing on the porch when he brought his heels together and saluted. After that he was orderly every time he went on guard until his usual period for going on a spree once more came around. I supposed, of course, that the ordinary routine would be followed, and was much surprised when a week passed by without his relaxing attention to duty. Then another week went by, and a third, till a month had elapsed, and my bunky was still sober. It was an unheard-of state of affairs, and bets were made in the troops on how long it would last, those who bet against his nerve doing their best, under the guise of friendship, to induce him to take a drink, knowing well that one would suffice. But those grim lines about Dan's mouth kept their place until six weeks had passed by. Then one day the first sergeant sent me to the captain's house to get the "Morning Report" book. I found the captain standing on the porch talking to the lieutenant, and so I stood at the bottom of the steps waiting until he should ask me my errand. I heard him say, "Oh, yes, that's so. There isn't a better man in the troops so long as he leaves whiskey alone."

"He certainly has behaved remark-

ably well during the last six months," said the lieutenant. "Maybe that court-martial had a good effect on him."

"I doubt it," said the captain; "it's too old a story with him. However, he has done so well I'm willing to give him a chance, though, as I tell you, I haven't much confidence in him."

Then he turned to me and I delivered my message, got the book, and walked off. I suspected that my bunky was the subject of their conversation, but I did not understand what it meant until the next day, when it was announced that Private Borley was appointed a corporal.

It was a proud day for Dan when he first wore his chevrons. He went on duty as non-commissioned officer of the guard, and in the afternoon the lieutenant sent for him on some business about the prisoners. The lieutenant's wife was, as usual in this hot weather, sitting on the porch sewing, and when her husband had finished his instructions, she looked at Borley with a smile and said: "I congratulate you on your promotion, corporal." Dan told me this afterward, in a subdued sort of way, and I sat there and wondered at the man. Seeing what an impression all this seemed to have made on his stolid nature, I found myself forecasting in my mind what would happen when he lost his chevrons—what would be the effect on him when this moral impulse had expended itself and he had fallen back into the depths of drunkenness and degradation. And for the first time I felt a sort of pity for him.

It was about three weeks after Dan had been made a corporal that two men of the troops deserted. This was no unusual thing; in fact, there had been so many desertions that the commanding officer was very anxious to catch the deserters and make an example of them. The morning following the departure of these two, Borley was told by the first sergeant to report to the lieutenant for duty. When he came back Dan told me that the lieutenant was ordered out after the deserters, and he, Dan, being first on the list of corporals for detail, was going along and was going to take one man, and I could be that man if I liked. I was glad enough to go—anything in the nature of a change from the monotony of garrison routine being welcome. The orders were to take our carbines and twenty rounds of ammunition, five days' rations, an overcoat and a blanket. We saddled our horses at the stables, and leading the lieutenant's horse, rode up to his house, where we dismounted while Dan went inside and reported. The lieutenant came out in a few minutes, followed presently by his wife. Although the men we were going after were two of the worst characters in the troops and had, moreover, stolen their horses and arms, their pursuit was not regarded as particularly dangerous duty. The lieutenant's wife had no great reason for being alarmed, nevertheless while her husband was securing his outfit on the saddle, she said to Borley, as a woman will under such circumstances: "Take good care of my husband, corporal."

"Yes'm," replied Dan, turning red, as usual, and saluting, "I will."

And so the order was given to mount and we rode off.

The lieutenant evidently had some information that he was acting on, for he took the trail that led to the mines near the Canadian border and followed it at a trot all that day and late into the night. We made no fire when we camped, but eating a cold supper, rolled ourselves in our blankets, and were up and in the saddle again at the first break of dawn. When we mounted the lieutenant cautioned us to keep a sharp lookout, as the signs were getting fresh. He, himself, rode first, Dan next, and I brought up the rear. It was about an hour after sunrise when I thought I saw something move in

the bushes on the side of the trail ahead of me. Just as I was going to call Dan's attention to it, he suddenly jabbed the spurs into his horse's side so that the brute gave a great leap and landed alongside of the lieutenant, while at the same moment Dan threw his carbine to his shoulder, facing around on the bushes. Instantly there came a jet of smoke from the brush, with a flash and a report, met half-way by the fire from Dan's gun, the two explosions coming so close together they almost seemed like one. The lieutenant's horse had swerved when Dan shoved between it and the bushes, and then had reared at the sound of the shooting, but the lieutenant wheeled it back on to the trail and drew his revolver. By that time Dan's horse had started running up the trail and was out of sight behind a turn. My own horse was dancing a little, but I had him in hand, and sent a shot into the bushes on general principles. Whereupon a voice that I recognized as belonging to one of the deserters, named Morrow, called out: "Don't shoot any more! I surrender!"

"Hold up your hands, then, and come out!" said the lieutenant.

"I can't, sir," replied Morrow. "Donovan's killed and is lying on me, and my arm's broke so that I can't move him."

The lieutenant hesitated a moment, not believing this, then gave the order to dismount. Tying our horses, he and I went into the brush with our revolvers ready to shoot in case of treachery, but we found matters as Morrow had said. The lieutenant took his gun away and we lifted the dead man off of him, and then, while I tied up his arm as well as I could, Morrow told us that it was the one shot fired by Borley that had wounded him and killed his companion. "We were taken by surprise," he said. "We didn't know you were so close and had only time to hide our horses and get into the brush. I had no idea of fighting, and was kneeling behind Donovan, with my gun on the ground. But when the lieutenant came along, Donovan up with his carbine and pointed it at him. I whispered, 'For God's sake don't shoot!' but he fired, and just as he fired the corporal jumped in and let us have it, and the ball went right through Donovan's neck and hit me in the wrist."

Then the lieutenant said to me: "Go and see what has become of the corporal."

I had not far to go, for I found him just beyond the bend of the trail, lying on the ground, to all appearances dead. I guessed then that he had got the bullet Donovan had meant for the lieutenant, and sure enough, when I put my hand under his coat to see if his heart was beating, I found a wet spot on his breast. His heart had not stopped, but was fluttering so feebly I did not think that we could get him in to the post alive. But the lieutenant made a compress for the wound and bandaged it with strips torn from his shirt, and gave him some whiskey and water, which revived him. Then he rigged a horse litter with a couple of saplings and our blankets and hitched the deserters' horses to it, so that Dan was carried as easily as possible. When we were ready for the road the lieutenant sent me ahead to bring help from the fort.

I arrived at the post about midnight, and getting a fresh horse, rode back with the doctor. He was able to give Dan sufficient relief to enable him to reach the hospital alive, but that was all, for the doctor said he could not possibly live another day. I was worn out and slept for twelve hours, but in the morning I went to the hospital and sat by my bunky's side. He was suffering frightfully. His face was ashen pale, and as the paroxysms of agony took hold of him he writhed and lifted himself, and cursed the man that had shot him, calling him all the vile names known to the barracks, and they were not a

few. He grew weaker and weaker after each attack, and when they subsided fell back exhausted and panting for breath.

It was just after guard-mount that the doctor came into the ward and with him the lieutenant, who had already spent a good part of the night with the wounded man, trying to help him. The doctor felt Dan's pulse and answered the lieutenant's inquiring look by saying in a low tone: "He can't last much longer." Then the lieutenant said to Dan: "Corporal, my wife would like to speak to you, to thank you. Will you see her?"

Dan had watched all who approached his bed with a dumb, hopeless look, but now his face perceptibly brightened in assent. So the lieutenant went out into the hall, where his wife was waiting, and brought her into the room. She came to Dan's side and looked at him and said, "Oh, I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry!" while Dan gazed up at her with his hollow eyes. Then the tears began to roll down her cheeks at the sight of his suffering, and she leaned over him and wiped the death-sweat from his forehead with her handkerchief—a trifle of lace and cambric—and murmured: "Poor fellow! Is there nothing I can do for you?" Dan looked at her wistfully, but the next moment his lips tightened over his teeth and he motioned for the lieutenant to come to him, and gasped: "The pain's coming on me—take her away."

The lieutenant led his wife away weeping, while the agony again took hold of Dan. But from this time on until he died he endured it silently.

HAS THE REPUBLICAN PARTY A FUTURE?

BY RICHARD H. McDONALD, JR.

THERE are two forces of nature which appear in human character, the active and the inert. So in politics, in popular government there are two general elements, the aggressive and resistant, or the progressive and non-progressive.

The Democratic party came into existence sixty-five years ago, and since then it has carried eight presidential elections, and when Mr. Cleveland's present term expires it will have had control of the executive branch of the Government thirty-two years. The opposition to the Democratic party has carried nine elections, and Presidents chosen by it have administered the Government thirty-six years. At first and for a time the Democratic was the aggressive party of the country, but since it fell under the control of the slave power its attitude has been defensive. It has defended the worst of causes, and has suffered defeats that would have resulted in the demise of any other party, and should have destroyed its very existence. That it survives and has gained recent successes may be attributed mainly to the fact that it has been the most thoroughly organized and best disciplined political force the country has ever known. It claims to be the rendezvous of the conservative men of the nation—it certainly is the non-progressive, the resistant party. It is natural that the progressive and resistant elements should be in conflict. The one sees that improvement should be made and has the courage to undertake it, but the other never looks to the front, and regards innovation with doubt and fear. The resistant element is more easily organized and submits to dis-

cipline better than the aggressive, for activity means thought and individuality.

The Whig party possessed a high degree of intelligence and individualism, and consequently its members would not submit to severe discipline. It was unable, except in two national elections, to overcome the lockstep tread of its antagonist. In the last one it only succeeded through defection in the ranks of its opponent, caused by factious dislike of a candidate. It had so little coherence that when the tremendous conflict between freedom and slavery came on its dissolution was inevitable. The Republican party was organized from the aggressive elements of both the old parties, and to combat for a great principle. It appealed to the intelligence and conscience of the country and drew to its folds men of conviction, courage, and energy. It was aggressive upon a great wrong, and the cause it advocated aroused the enthusiasm and determination of its members, which enabled it to overwhelm the trained forces of its opponent. Its successes have been unparalleled and its achievements will stand as the greatest in our history up to the present time.

A political party may be formed to do a particular work and disappear when it is done, or it may have a prolonged existence, if when a particular object has been accomplished it passes to and takes up new issues which are ever rising. To a certain extent a new issue has the effect of reconstructing parties, though it has been rare that a marked inroad has been made in the Democratic party, whatever position it has taken upon new questions. Since its organization the Republican has been the progressive party, and in the main has done its work well, otherwise it could not have gained such conspicuous successes in carrying elections; but it must not make the mistake of supposing that there ever will come a time when all necessary work may be considered done, or that it can succeed or survive on its record merely. Its attitude in the past, which has generally been correct and just, made it an irresistible power, and because its members believed that the party was true to the interests of the masses of the people. It is this that has made it victorious, and not that organization and discipline that can be enforced on men of less intelligence. Republicans will not stand in line except when something of value is to be accomplished for the country. Because slavery has been swept away, the solidarity of the republic assured, the great war debt reduced to comparatively trifling proportions, a national circulating medium secured, and methods of administration improved through Republican management and legislation, it must not be presumed that there is no further mission for the Republican party. The country has a right to expect that a party which has accomplished so much will address itself to what is now demanded to promote the general welfare, and unless it takes up new questions suggested by ever-changing conditions, with wisdom, intelligence, and courage, it cannot hold its membership, and will pass into an insignificant minority party.

It is a common experience that when a party has acquired great strength through the efforts of good and patriotic men, and especially when it has been successful for a considerable time, bad men join it from sinister motives. There are always those who have political or other interests to promote, and they seek associations with a party that has the power to advance them. To such, convictions are nothing. Those also disposed to ring manipulation, when they discover a strong and compact power, seek to put themselves in lead in the hope that they may be able to use it to their advantage. The republican party has suffered at times and in localities from such accessions to its strength. When it appears

that these elements gain control and dictate policies, it is necessary to administer an alterative remedy by selecting for leadership men whose characters and sentiments are a guarantee that honesty, efficiency, and progressiveness will be carried into legislation and administration. Political parties, like individuals, should occasionally, at least, revise and improve their habits. The money power never undertakes to organize a political party, but allies itself to that which, for the time being, seems most controllable in its interest. The shortcomings of the Republican party in some instances are attributable to this influence, and it has suffered the consequences. It is natural to feel and act leniently and generously toward those who render service, but no party in this country has been able to dominate for any length of time, which has favored classes instead of the masses.

Conditions which are constantly changing give rise to new questions. A political party which does not observe the current of events and adapt its policies to changes as they take place is incapable of managing the affairs of a great nation. It must have the disposition and genius to employ measures adaptable to supply the wants of the country under all circumstances. Lamartine said, "that Napoleon was clear-sighted as to the past, but blind to the future." If the Republican party possesses the latter quality of Napoleon's mind, it need not calculate on future success. No party should succeed which cannot comprehend the present and forecast the future with a reasonable degree of intelligence. With the Republican party "the past is secure," but the question is: Has it worn itself out in the work it has already done, or will it take cognizance of new conditions and wants and undertake to provide for them with the intelligence, courage, and energy with which it has performed its previous work? If it does not, it might as well be considered as "gathered to its fathers," for the independent and aggressive of its membership will seek other affiliations where activity instead of inertia prevails. Republicans cannot be held together through the mere force of party drill. They want that which will animate, something that promises promotion of the public welfare. There are conditions at the present time that demand such change of policy as will remove evils as speedily as practicable without producing destructive consequences.

The fact cannot be disguised that there is a struggle between capital and labor, between a class and the mass. How it has been provoked is immaterial, the fact exists and must be dealt with. The issue is not whether one interest shall be subordinated to another, but as to how the rights of all shall be respected and all interests protected and justly promoted.

There are trusts and combinations to enhance income upon capital at the expense of the laboring and consuming classes, and these must be suppressed through the necessary legislation. It is to the credit of the Fifty-first Congress, which was Republican, that it enacted a law to suppress them in interstate trade, but this step should be followed up in the States as to domestic traffic to an extent that will cause the principle of competition to be respected. The disparity in the possession of wealth is alarming to many minds, and the condition is unnatural. Equality in the possession of wealth is an impossibility, as men are unequally endowed mentally and physically. But the disparity which exists cannot be accounted for by these differences. It has resulted in large part from policies which favored the few, which has enabled capital to acquire an undue proportion of produced wealth. The disparity has become so great that it is both alarming and irritating; so much so that there is some reason to apprehend that efforts may

be made to remove it through revolution and violence. It is a subject to which the public mind is earnestly addressing itself, and many remedies are proposed. That some of them should be impracticable and indefensible is but natural, yet there are others which are practicable and would produce good results without harm to any interests, except to those which seek special advantages. The tariff policy of the Republican party protects American labor from the competition of cheap foreign labor. In this no change is necessary. It is natural that the party should respect the interests of toilers, for it was organized to ultimately remove unpaid and coerced labor from the nation.

It is not best that any party should advance too rapidly, for the interests of the various classes are so interwoven that a sweeping policy might do injustice, might do more harm than good. The capitalist class has had advantages from the fact that the country has suffered for several years from an inadequate volume of circulating medium, which has given money an undue earning power. The fact that the volume should keep pace with the increase of population, production, and trade has been disregarded in our financial legislation. The adequacy of the volume has been sacrificed to the idea of good money, and on the assumption that gold only is good money. Our financial theory has been formed with reference to international dealings, and in disregard of our domestic commerce, which is more than ten times greater than our foreign commercial transactions. Whatever our laws make a legal tender for all public and private debts and dues, is good money in domestic transactions. How the volume of the circulating medium shall be enlarged to meet the wants of business is, perhaps, the most important question now before the country. It is unfortunately a sectional issue, a contest between the capitalist and producing classes. That a large majority of the people of the nation favor free coinage of silver is certain, and that there is a deficiency of money is nearly universally felt; it has been demonstrated by the stringency that created such a scare or havoc among the banks. It was not the insolvency of many of the banks that forced them to close, but the insufficiency of their means to accommodate business. Free coinage of silver will supply the deficiency to an extent at least, and perhaps fully. If it will not, then some measure must be devised that will. The Republican party should take the side of free coinage of silver as a matter of justice and a measure of policy. If the experiment should not establish the fact, it will produce money enough to supply business wants; then some additional measure will have to be devised, for the producing and commercial classes will not much longer endure the evils of monetary stringency which oppresses them, makes profit for the capitalists, and increases the disparity in the possession of wealth.

The laws of taxation require remodelling and on the principle that burdens should be imposed somewhat in accordance with ability to bear them. In national taxation two measures are proposed: one is a graduated income tax and the other is a graduated inheritance tax. There are objections to the first as well as argument for it. One objection is, that it is inquisitorial, which applies to all taxes, except that upon land. If that were all, it scarcely rises to the dignity of consideration. There are objections to an income tax of no inconsiderable weight. In business a tax is treated as one of the expenses. It is taken into account by the merchant and manufacturers in fixing prices at which they will sell, by the banker in establishing his interest rate, and by the carrier in making his charges for transportation.

It is doubtful if the poorer classes

would not have to pay more for what they are compelled to buy than they would save through a reduction of taxation. Besides this it would be a restraint upon enterprise, the greater as the tax is made higher. The inheritance tax is not subject to any of these objections. It is easily collected, for the records in the probate court would disclose what it would be. Those who would pay it would not have the merit of having earned it. The natural law is that the property of a deceased person escheats to the community. It goes to children or other heirs or devisees through the grace of government, and for this it is but just that the beneficiary should contribute something toward the support of the benefactor. Though men are unequally endowed by nature, it is good policy that all should begin life as nearly equal as is practicable so far as the possession of the things of earth is concerned. Desire for such dominion is a tremendous stimulant to exertion, but those who inherit what satisfies them are deprived of such stimulation. Human history shows that but few sons of rich men add to their patrimony; they rather squander their inheritances. In this country especially great achievements in the public service, in the professions, in science, art, literature, and the acpuisition of wealth have been by those mainly who began life in moderate circumstances or poverty.

There is a measure which can only be adopted by the States, and it is the exemption of homesteads of limited value from taxation. The constitution of California is different from that of any other State. It prohibits such exemption and would have to be amended in order to carry the principle into effect. The laws of all the States exempt homesteads from seizure and sale to satisfy private indebtedness, but the tax gatherer can turn the widow and orphan, the poor and distressed out of house and home to satisfy a public debt. If an individual can be made to lose his debt, consistency and an extension of the principle of humanity would seem to require that the Government should collect its revenues from those who are fortunate enough to possess more than a homestead of limited value. The glory of this country is that a far greater percentage of the people own their homes than in any other nation, but the decrease in the last few years, if not alarming, is greatly regretted by all patriots and philanthropists. Our highest duty is to protect the home. And if the Republican party is true to itself as it has been to the country, it will make this measure a part of its platform, and as soon as it gains the power will carry it into effect. It will not conflict with the principle of equality and uniformity of taxation, for the homesteads of all will be exempted. It will be applying the principle of imposing burdens according to ability to bear them. The taxation of inheritances and exemption of homesteads will have some effect in lessening the present disparity in the possession of wealth.

It is not difficult for any intelligent man to imagine that he can suggest the measures which are necessary to remove all the evils which afflict the country. There are those who are in too much haste and those who move too leisurely. It is not considered wise by the medical profession to administer too many medicines at once, but it is deemed better to experiment first with that which seems to be the probable panacea for the disease. The specific measures which I have suggested seem to be applicable to the most distressing ailments, and perhaps will restore the country to a healthful condition. It is not pretended that carrying them into effect will be all that should be done. A party that really has the interest of the country at heart will make it its business to study its wants and to devise

measures of relief. Though it is impossible to satisfy the extremes of classes, success is tolerably certain to the party that shows a disposition to act; it may not move fast enough to satisfy the most extreme, but there must be movement, or it will lose the support of the active and progressive. If the Republican party does not manifest the disposition and courage to advance, a party will be formed that will take its place as the antagonist of the non-progressive party. Not to grapple with new questions and new conditions as they arise will result in decay and dissolution. If the Republican party shuffles off worn-out and effete leaders, and places itself under new and modernized men, it has a future that will befittingly supplement its past career.

By doing this it will lose the non-progressives in the party, but it will draw from other organizations more than enough to make up for the loss.

ON KEATS.

BY LORENZO SOSSO.

FAME that doth never quite recede with time,
Glory that lives
Through marvel of a music made sublime
By what it gives,
All these he yearned and strove for. Though surpassed
In power to do,
Vaster his Song's horizon spread, more vast
His vision too.

But soon he faltered even where he trod,
Nor worshipped long
Apollo; in divinity a god,
A god of Song.
Then like a fadeless flower low he lay
Amidst the weeds;
Pale in the purple sunrise of the day
That broke his reeds.

And we who hear yet, as in some conch-shell
Seas heard remote,
Melodious songs as sweet as hydromel
Burst from his throat;
Wonder an oak towering in pride of place
Ages should crown,
While some fair violet in its modest grace
A day treads down.

CALIFORNIA AS A HEALTH RESORT.

BY P. C. REMONDINO, M.D.

WHAT are the characteristics of the Southern California climate?

This question is one not easily answered; at least, not in the same sense as one might answer a like question in regard to Ireland or Continental Russia. California, as a whole, presents various climates and that of the California of the South in its own turn and in different localities presents nearly every conceivable form of climate at some period or other of the year. Although the climate of the southern part of the State is generally spoken of as being peculiarly distinct, with characteristics entirely different from those of the middle and the northern portions of the State, it is, nevertheless, a generally overlooked fact that this section comprises within its territory the most extreme of climatic conditions. For instance, it is called a rainless, or dry climate. This is undoubtedly true as regards certain localities. Yuma and Indio, in San Diego County, have the smallest rainfall in the United States; while in the Cajon Pass where the California Southern Railway enters the region, the rainfall will at times rival the excessive rains of the Kassia Hills of India, and in the course of a few hours the torrents of rain pouring down on this Pass will often outdo any rainfall of as many days' duration at Neah Bay—that station on the coast of Washington recording the heaviest rainfall in the United States. The plateau on the high hills that form the broad ridge of the mountain chain extending from Mount San Bernardino southward into Lower California give, in their turn, about the same rainfall as is registered in the high valleys of the Po region of Upper Italy. On the coast, beginning at San Diego, the rainfall is comparatively light—only about eleven inches; as we move northward from that point the rainfall experiences a gradual increase—Santa Monica, Ventura, and Santa Barbara having about one-third more rain than San Diego. Moving inland from any of these coast stations the rainfall again increases, the maximum being reached where the mountain chains run east by west, so as to intercept the greatest amount of clouds drawn from the south. One peculiarity of this region consists in its not having any local rain causes.

Were Southern California not in the track of the southerly winds that are drawn to the far northern coasts of Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia by the aspirating force of the cyclonic disturbances in those regions, it would be absolutely rainless. A prolonged cyclonic disturbance at the mouth of the Columbia, or at the straits of Juan de Fuca, gives this region its heavy rains—rains that in Juldan, forty miles to the northeast of San Diego Bay, give at times a yearly precipitation of combined rain and snow amounting to nearly sixty-two inches, and bringing over the whole region all of two-fifths more of rainfall than its annual mean. The rains come from the south, but the rainfall begins on the north, in Oregon and Northern California, and as the moisture-laden atmosphere is drawn northward, the rain extends southward. If the cyclonic disturbance is of short duration, and not violent, it may not cause sufficient northward aspiration to bring rain farther south than the mountains that range eastward from Point Conception, in which case Southern Cali-

fornia experiences what are known as "dry winters." During one of these seasons the total rainfall at San Diego was less than four inches of rain for the twelve months. These cyclonic areas cross the Pacific Ocean from the Asiatic coast to the American, and are most likely to occur during the four months of winter. The rainy season is therefore in winter, and the summer, when these oceanic influences are dormant, is the dry or rainless season.

The above description of the causes of Southern California rains is given to show how distant are the direct causes that affect its climatic factors. The variety in quantity of rainfall, as well as the very heavy snow that falls on the mountains (on the northern declivities of Mount San Bernardino the snow often lingers far into the summer months) also furnishes an idea of the diversity of its topography, and of its varying climatic features. A region that experiences the smallest yearly rainfall, and at the same time shows the greatest and heaviest rainfall for twelve hours that are to be found in the United States, must of necessity be a land of seeming and incomprehensible climatic contradictions.

In opposition to the cool coast climates that are found on its whole extent of seaboard—the coldest summer climate in the United States—we have the desert and inland valley climates of the small mountain valleys, where there exist the hottest summers in the States. Here there is experienced such a heat that were it to be associated with the same degree of atmospheric humidity that accompanies the same degree of heat in the Atlantic States, the maintenance of life would be an impossibility. Eastern atmospheric moisture, associated with the heat of the Colorado Desert, or that of some of the inhabited valleys on its western border, would convert their arid wastes into the broad-foliaged and weird landscapes of the era of the great Saurians. Were this heat to extend to the seaboard and commingle with the seventy-two per cent of relative humidity found there, the seacoast would be uninhabitable. Nature has here made a happy provision in bringing southward from the Arctic Seas a broad stream of coldish waters, which cools the whole extent of coast from San Francisco to Cape San Lucas, at the southernmost extremity of the Californian peninsula. These waters are of such a low degree of temperature that they are inhabited by the whale and the seal. This is the source of our wonderfully cool summers, as the cold breezes daily coming from the northwest overcome both the heat of the dry land and that of the sun of the far southerly latitude; and from the same source, allied to latitude, comes the warmest of winters, as the water along the immediate coast, and in its bays and inlets, never falls below a mean of 60° Fahr. in winter, nor rises above 66° in summer. This is the great equalizer of the Southern California temperature.

The great suction eastward, produced by the heated and rising air of the desert, induces a continuous passage of this cool breeze over the whole extent of territory that is found between the ocean and the high mountains at the edge of the great desert, and insures to it that agreeableness which has made Southern California such a climatic desideratum. This breeze is active during the day, and at night is replaced by a colder air flowing from the high mountains toward the sea. This gives to the Southern Californian amphitheatre those wonderfully charming days and recuperative nights, that are always cool enough to require a blanket even during July or August. It is this absence of enervating heat during the day or night, that permits of so many restorations of shattered health which would elsewhere be impossible. For this reason invalids have been in-

duced to adopt a Californian summer for a climatic change or for a residence, and our Eastern friends can readily see that it is erroneous to consider California only as a winter resort. I have always noticed that patients in the early stages of consumption who remain through a Californian summer make greater progress than is possible during the same months in the East, where, as a rule, they invariably lose the little gain made during their winter's stay here. I have never looked upon an Eastern or a Western winter as being particularly objectionable or injurious to invalids. In fact I have had patients who did exceedingly well even in a Canadian or a Minnesota winter.

It is the spring and summer months that are there particularly to be dreaded by the invalid. The alternations of freezing and thawing, slush and mud, ground fogs, and spasms of snow, rain, and drizzle, with the cold and shifty winds that affect the spring; then its sudden transition—often prematurely and out of season—into the enervating heat of the summer days, with sultry and debilitating nights, seasons of bobbing barometer, steamy, sticky, murky air and overcast sky, drenching rains and atmospheric disturbances—these are the conditions so detrimental to the impaired system, and which must be avoided at all hazards. Such conditions are unknown in Southern California.

The sanitaria of Southern California are situated on the confines of the desert (and in this great depression, some 300 feet below sea level, there is a mild and dessicated crematorial heat that is most excellent for asthmatics) and on the adjoining valleys; then in the foothills, or on the high mountain plateaus—the latter being from five to eight thousand feet above sea level; the largest valleys, such as the San Gabriel, San Jacinto, or the Santa Ana are all noted for their healthfulness, and great number of cured consumptives who have made them their homes; then lastly comes the immediate coast and the islands. In reference to the islands I learn, through the courtesy of Mr. Heber Ingle, that on Cedros Island, where the same climate exists as that enjoyed by Santa Catalina —Cedros Island being farther down the coast and farther out at sea, out of 4,000 persons that have been carried on the company's books, on pay rolls—the island being used by a large gold-mining company—there has not been a single case of the grippe during the last two years, although the island has had trimonthly and sometimes monthly steamer and schooner communication with San Diego. What is more remarkable is the fact that many of these persons were attacked by the grippe almost immediately after their return to the mainland.

On the climatic resort amphitheatre of this southerly coast, the grippe has been of a remarkably mild nature; those long, tedious disorganizations of the entire system that have been of such frequent occurrence elsewhere as a result of the grippe, often extending into weeks of duration, as well as resulting fatally, have been practically unknown here.

Man tires of a continual diet of oysters and champagne, or of truffled grouse and roast goose, and even so may he tire of the monotony of an uninterrupted season of clear skies and an unvarying temperature. Some natures may even need the stimulus of an occasional promiscuous activity on the part of the riotously disposed elements to keep them above par, and the man from Kansas, possibly, will wander about disconsolate in a region where he is not required to anchor his trees nor burrow underground whenever a dark speck appears on the horizon.

I am often asked what part of Southern California is best adapted to certain individual cases. This is of course largely a matter of personal

and constitutional election. As a rule, however, I may say that rheumatic, neuralgic and laryngeal cases do better in the interior, since the sea air loses much of its severity in travelling inland between a hot sun and a warm soil. Convalescing cases recovering from some long and tedious illness, and those suffering from nervous prostration, insomnia, or the debilitated stages of advanced consumption, are more benefited by the bracing air of the coast—the greater invariability here experienced and the greater amount of atmospheric moisture having in these cases the desired effect.

To the tourist the region offers every conceivable variety of temperature met with in either Europe, Africa, or Asia. The shores of Africa and the interior of the great Sahara; the highlands of Spain and the low hills and plains of Italy; the abrupt Apennines and the more gigantic Alps of either Switzerland or Bavaria; the heather-clad hills of Scotland and the sunny islets of the Greek archipelago—all have here their counterparts. Yet with this strange diversity, the climatic factorial influence of the great heated desert and the vast, cold ocean combine to produce a homogeneity that make California unique among the known regions of the world.

A GROUP OF ARMY AUTHORS.

BY CEPHAS C. BATEMAN, CHAPLAIN U. S. ARMY.

IT may be held as nearly axiomatic that he who wields successfully the sword of a commander need not despair of wielding with grace and effectiveness that mightier weapon—the pen. Not a few military men of brilliant reputations have written their names deeper into history with the pen than they ever did with the point of the sword. Even Cæsar's fame as a soldier rests chiefly upon Cæsar's ability as an author.

If we subject the real military man to a close analysis we shall find his mental powers above the average and in excellent proportion and poise—will, moral as well as physical courage, instinctive appreciation of human nature, energy, confidence in himself, large but not sanguine hope, and endurance. The burdens of war may sap his strength, but the original man is superb. In point of education he will be sufficiently cultured to preserve him from narrowness, bigotry and tyranny, and sufficiently uncultured to be free of the crotchets and manias of the over-learned world. He will be a square rather than an oblong man; hence he will not be unduly elated in moments of success, nor markedly depressed in hours of anxiety, peril, or disappointment.

Now that such a man should make himself understood and felt, when he wishes to reinforce the sword with the powers of the pen, ought to occasion no surprise. A very considerable part of the world's literature has been produced by soldiers.

Poetry seems to have been the only province in the domain of letters practically unoccupied by the professional man of arms. No army has ever yet given us a first-rate poet, though some great poets have come near being soldiers, and some great soldiers barely escaped the dangerous

MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD.

infatuation of the Muse. Perhaps the hard contact with force and its pitiless effects, not to mention the stern mandates of relentless discipline, may account for the absence of poetic fire.

In the illustrious register of military writers of this age, few occupy a more honored place than Major-General O. O. Howard. Probably no officer now upon the active list of the American army has turned out so much "printers' copy" as the present commander of the military department of the East. This is rather remarkable, since this work has been done by one who, though naturally "right-handed," possesses only a left arm, and comparatively little of this has been accomplished by "dictation." Apart from official correspondence, he does his own writing. Since that memorable day in the year 1863, at Fair Oaks, when the good right arm was carried away, General Howard has struggled to adjust himself to a left-handed life, and with what success his subsequent career, the thanks of Congress, his many contributions to current and standard literary vehicles, and above all the ever-growing affectionate regard of his countrymen abundantly attest.

From an authorized list of General Howard's productions, I enumerate two hundred titles of books, pamphlets, editorials, magazine articles, stories and other notable newspaper contributions. These include, in the subject-matter, history, biography, military science, travels at home and abroad, Indians and Indian warfare, cadet reminiscences at West Point, reviews and criticisms, Biblical ex-

positions and religious discussions, stories for children, and such like *ad libitum*. The sketches and personal recollections of his contemporaries in the great inter-state war are among the most graphic and engaging writings of that period extant.

His book entitled, "Chief Joseph: His Pursuit and Capture," which appeared in the year 1881, was a notable publication of a memorable campaign against hostile Indians. This work is valuable for its hints toward the solution of the Indian problem, some of which, in the light of the present day, seem to have been inspired by the spirit of prophecy.

One of his recent books, and one of universal interest, is the biography of General Zachary Taylor. The theme is one which General Howard has studied *con amore*, and in his charming style he does justice to the life and character of a great citizen and soldier. Running through this, as through all of General Howard's works, is the luminous chain of moral purpose. Fortunate indeed is any man whose memory may be blessed with such a biographer.

In the interim of exacting military duties, General Howard still plies the pen, and important additions to his already rich, varied, and voluminous literary bequests to mankind may be expected by those who admire and love the martial author.

Thomas Carlyle was fond of saying that no really clever man ever came of utterly stupid ancestors; and with rare courage he would add: "My father was the remarkablest man I ever knew." Descendants of the sterling men of colonial times will doubtless agree that Captain Charles King, late of the 5th U. S. Cavalry (now honorably retired because of wounds received in Indian wars), about fills the requirements of a "Simon-pure American" in point of ancestry. His great-grandfather, Rufus King, holds a reputable position in our constitutional history, was for years a United States Senator from New York, and twice American minister to the Court of St. James. Captain King's grandfather, Dr. Charles King, was a college president, and in turn his own father, Rufus King, was also a noted public man. It is just possible, therefore, that Captain King's literary skill and artistic tastes, in part at least, "came by nature." But be that as it may, there is no more tireless toiler in the realm of authorship than this same gallant officer and gentleman.

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

Of his novels a critic has recently written: "No living author is more sure of an eager

audience or more certain to hold and delight his readers. No one knows more thoroughly the matters of which he writes, and no one else can describe them with such graceful and natural art. His stories always have a plot; his characters are living men and women; he makes the barracks, the march, the battle-field, as near as if we had been there; and he clothes them in something of 'the light that never was on sea or land'—for he is a poet, whose poetry insinuates itself through practical and most readable prose."

Now, while Captain King is chiefly known as a novelist, it is not, I think, in that *rôle* that he has done or can do his best work. It is in such substantial efforts as "Famous Battles," and "Campaigning with Crook," that he will deserve to be remembered. His word-paintings of battle scenes have been translated into foreign tongues and have won the author international renown. Should he turn the entire current of his undeniable genius into the historical channel, he may be expected to add lasting lustre to his already effulgent fame. But the demand has been so clamorous for fiction, that Captain King has responded by pouring it out in such lavish fashion as to suggest the presence of an inexhaustible fountain. His method of composition is quite novel. He is the first author that has made practical the phonograph as a labor-saving machine. Since this fact alone has given rise to erroneous accounts of his literary operations, I may be pardoned for here introducing some extracts from personal correspondence. "First: I form my plot and block out my stories in rather an informal way, that is by having a general idea of what the plot is to be, and a very fixed idea of the characters; then I go to work and tell the story as seems most easy and natural, without bothering much as to the length of chapters, except where it has to be published first as a serial. Second: Ordinarily my work begins right after breakfast in the morning, and I write steadily until luncheon time at half-past one. Interruptions, however, are very frequent here in Milwaukee, and I cannot always count on escaping them. Then sometimes I have to use the evening hours and write until quite late at night, but this is a matter I object to very much. Proof-reading and going over the type-written sheets I generally take in the evening. I devote all months of the year to literary work. I have very little time for rest. It is my custom ordinarily in writing to scribble roughly in pencil or with fountain-pen, in a sort of shorthand of my own, the story as it occurs to me, and then having gone over it once or twice, to read it into my phonograph; then the cylinders of the phonograph are taken down to the office of my transcriber, Miss Rhoades, and that young lady very carefully and conscientiously does the type-writing. In dictating to her, it is not necessary to bother myself about punctuation or spelling or anything of the kind, as she has been engaged in this work for me ever since the fall of 1889, and is quite well up in army technicalities. Well, now that I am getting older and lazier, I consider perhaps four thousand words a good day's work. I have sometimes, under the spur, written six thousand and even more words in a day, but I never want to do it again."

Referring to some published accounts of his methods of composition he further writes: "From these you may get some idea how this work is done, except that one would suppose that I never wrote at all, and depended only on my own fluency, which would be a very poor thing to depend on."

That Captain King has never placed an unreasonable value upon his works of fiction is evident from this modest confession: "For some reason which I cannot fathom, these

soldier stories of mine seem to have found a great many readers among the mass of the people. We army people know how defective in many respects they must be. I can only try to be right technically and historically."

Now these same "army people" have been disposed to censure Captain King for his portrayals of garrison life, chiefly because of an imaginary effect these portrayals have upon the civil public. A certain feeling of uneasiness in army circles set in with the appearance of "The Colonel's Daughter," and "Marion's Faith," and this has grown into a "remonstrance" in certain quarters, to the infinite merriment of not a few, as subsequent stories have found their way into print. In replying to published strictures upon one of his latest books he has publicly said:

"The character of 'Waring' was not intended to represent my idea of the 'thorough army gentleman,' neither was it my intention, to portray therein 'a really fine character.' 'Waring' was a whimsicality, as generous in many ways as he was selfish in others. As 'Two Soldiers' led to 'An Army Portia,' and that to 'A Soldier's Secret,' and all three had their *raison d'être*, so may it be found that this picture of garrison life just after the war, when 'Doyles' were many, is but the prelude to 'more serious work,' and in contrasting the troublous past with the idyllic present of army life, those who have time to read may yet find something more than 'entertainment for the passing hour.'"

It would seem clear at a glance that no book worth reading could be made from the humdrum doings of actual garrison life of to-day, and an army post made up of ideal characters would also be monotonous, and so like Utopia as to become shortly unbearable to ordinary terrestrial beings. A book about such an angelic military community would be acceptable only to the vain and frivolous who wish to be considered of a superior order of existence.

There must be composite characters and imaginary conditions if we are to have a genuine story in these "piping times of peace." It is doubtful if the public would ever have considered the characters and customs set forth in Captain King's books anything more than clever exaggerations, had not army people called attention to them by taking the delineations so severely to heart. But this fact has served to make book reviews interesting if nothing more. Now no sooner is a new army story out, than the author is bombarded right and left; and any number of "keys" to the characters are forwarded to him post haste. Again in a letter he touches upon this point: "Yes, I appreciate what you have to say about the guesses made in the service as to the *dramatis personæ*. There were nine guesses at 'Lady Pelham,' and all of them wrong. I have never yet found any one who really knew the original of that character. Rest her soul—she's been dead many a long year."

As Captain King is not yet fifty years of age, we may reasonably expect that the supreme effort of his life is still to be made, and will be made with such success as to insure him not only passing but perpetual honor among mankind.

The old adage, "like father like son" finds a happy illustration in the person of the genial author of "Marjorie and Her Papa."

Lieutenant Robert Howe Fletcher was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. His father, Doctor Robert Fletcher, who is a member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, England, served through the civil war with distinction, and has since become well known in scientific circles for the excellent bibliographical work he has done in connection with the Surgeon-General's Library at Washington, D. C.

In 1867, Mr. Fletcher, being then seventeen years of age, went on to Washington, and in a personal interview with President Johnson obtained an appointment to the Naval Academy. During his four years' course at that institution he had the expe-

rience of nine months of sea service at home and abroad. After graduating he was attracted by the reports of active service that our scattered little army was doing on the Indian frontier, and became imbued with a soldier's ambition to join it.

President Grant, who was a personal friend of Mr. Fletcher's father, encouraged the midshipman in the idea, with the result that Mr. Fletcher exchanged his warrant in the navy for the commission of a second lieutenant in the 21st Infantry. Lieutenant Fletcher joined his regiment in Idaho Territory in 1872. After serving a number of years on the frontier, he became General Howard's aide de camp in charge of scouts, during the *Nez Percé* Indian war in 1877, at which time his health was seriously impaired by hardships and exposure. General Howard makes honorable mention of Lieutenant Fletcher in his book on the Chief Joseph campaign. Subsequently the young officer was on duty in the engineers' office at division headquarters at San Francisco and in Southern California until 1886, when it became evident that he was permanently disabled by duty in the field, and he was honorably retired.

After his retirement, Lieutenant Fletcher first of all turned his attention to painting, fitting up a study in San Diego for that purpose. But he soon abandoned a life wholly devoted to this art, for the more remunerative occupation of literature. His great skill with the pencil has, however, stood him in good stead in illustrating his stories with original and attractive sketches. He was not, strictly speaking, a beginner at writing, having written a story when little more than a boy for Frank Leslie's *Chimney Corner*. Also after

LIEUTENANT ROBERT HOWE FLETCHER.

graduating from the Naval Academy he had been an occasional contributor in prose and verse to *The Capital*, a weekly paper edited by Donn Piatt in Washington, D. C. But his first serious work was a novel entitled "A Blind Bargain." This appeared serially in *The Golden Era*, a magazine issued in San Diego, and was afterward printed in book form. In 1887, when Lieutenant Fletcher took up his residence in San Francisco, he began contributing short stories to *The Argonaut*. Most of these tales had their scenes laid in the Indian country, although one of them, "Dick," dealt with naval life; and another, "The Adventures of Yulita Anita de Sunatvarita in Corner Lots," is a reminiscence of San Diego in the astonishing days of its "boom."

A collection of these stories, including one or two new ones, notably "The Mystery of the Studio," was published in 1891, under the general title of "The Johnstown Stage." Lieutenant Fletcher wrote during the year of 1889 that justly celebrated child's chronicle, "Marjorie and Her Papa: How They Wrote a Book and Made Pictures for It." This at first appeared in *St. Nicholas* magazine. It has since come out as a book and has entered the foremost ranks of children's literature of to-day. "Marjorie" was followed in *St. Nicholas* by "Two Boys and a Girl," from the same pen. It seems scarcely necessary to say that the author has by such meritorious works as these won a large place in the affections of the rising generation.

Lieutenant Fletcher works steadily with his pen, when his health will permit, contributing to various magazines and periodicals. A story from his pen will appear in the same issue of the CALIFORNIAN with this article. As a dialectician he at times equals the excellence of Bret Harte, and is truer to the Westerners of our own time. He has just completed a new novel called "The Story of Ray Stone," which as representing his matured powers may be looked forward to with interest by the many eager readers who have followed him through his earlier productions.

The scholar and soldier are happily combined in the person of Captain John Bigelow, Jr., of the 10th U. S. Cavalry. Few men have enjoyed such rare advantages as have fallen to his lot, and still fewer have improved the same so well. By inheritance and instinct he is a literary man, and by professional penchant a man of arms.

He is the eldest son of Hon. John Bigelow, the distinguished journalist, diplomat, and biographer, and was born in the city of New York, May 12th, 1854. Mr. Poultney Bigelow, traveller and writer, is also a son of the same honored father. With members of his father's family, the future soldier travelled abroad during 1859-60, and when he did so again in the following year he remained away till 1867. The senior Bigelow was appointed consul-general in Paris, and on the death of Minister Dayton succeeded to the more responsible position.

Young Bigelow was placed in the best schools of the French capital, and afterward became a student at Bonn on the Rhine. On his return to the United States, he attended the Friends' School at Providence, R. I., and was eventually fitted for West Point. He went abroad once more in 1869, and was placed in a public school at Berlin, from which he entered the University of that city. At Freiberg, Saxony, he also spent some time in the Mining Academy. While thus studiously engaged, he saw something of the process of mobilization of the German army, of the transportation of material, prisoners, etc.; and as a matriculate of the University of Berlin attended the triumphant entry of the troops into the capital at the close of the Franco-Prussian war. Returning home in 1873, he reported as a cadet at the Military Academy the day after land-

CAPTAIN JOHN BIGELOW, JR.

ing in New York. He graduated in 1877, a member of the largest class which up to that time the Academy had turned out, and was commissioned a second lieutenant in the 10th U. S. Cavalry, and reported for duty with his regiment in the following winter at Fort Duncan, Texas, on the Rio Grande River. In December, 1878, he was detailed by the Secretary of War as instructor in the department of French and English languages at the West Point Academy, where he remained until 1884. During the year 1883, he was promoted and married, his wife being a daughter of Judge Henry Clay Dallam of Baltimore.

His periods of repose were paroxysms of "learned labor;" for in the midst of an instructor's engagements he was able to write and publish "Mars-la-Tour and Gravelotte, a Strategic and Tactical Study."

Relieved at West Point, Lieutenant Bigelow rejoined his regiment at Fort Davis, Texas, and in the spring of the following year marched with his command to the department of Arizona and took station at Fort Grant. Lieutenant Bigelow participated in the campaigns against the Apaches, who were led by the redoubtable chieftain Geronimo. A diary kept by Mr. Bigelow during these stirring times on the southwestern border was published as a series of articles in *Outing*.

Early in 1887 he was again ordered east, being detailed as adjutant-general of the District of Columbia militia, which was then being organized. This position he filled with credit to himself and the service until relieved two years later. He owes the opportunity which made possible his chief literary production to this detail. "The Principles of Strategy: Illustrated Mainly from American Campaigns," was written in Washington, and while the author had access to the War Department library and the advantage of personal contact with officers of wide experience and authority. The book appeared simultaneously in London and New York. The principal sale was in England. The new and revised edition was prepared while the author was on duty at Fort Assiniboine, Montana. About the time of the completion of the revision, Lieutenant Bigelow was honored with promotion to a captaincy. Following is an extract from the preface of the new edition: "While of paramount importance in the army, military study is hardly less important in the reserve, or the national guard. Nor is it unimportant outside of these military classes. It is the citizens rather than the soldiers who decide the great question of peace or war, and determine the military policy of a nation. Hence a certain amount of military knowledge is useful, not

to say necessary, in every walk of civil life, and should be regarded as an essential part of a liberal education.

"The literature of the day abounds in works on the art and science of war, but these are based for the greater part upon the experience of European armies in European countries. It is the purpose of the author of this book to discuss the subject of strategy in the light of American warfare, and thus furnish instruction for Americans not only in the theory of this subject, but also in the military history and geography of their own country."

Honorable Frederick Douglass, in acknowledging receipt of a book written by the Reverend T. G. Steward, D.D., who was appointed to his position in the army by President Benjamin Harrison, and is now chaplain of the 25th U. S. Infantry, penned these appreciative words:

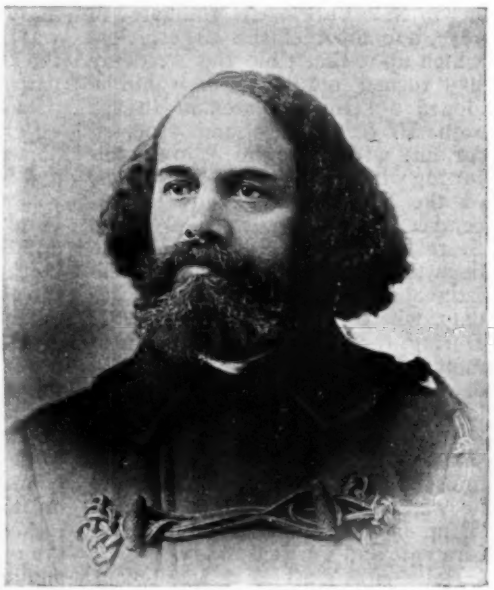
"I am not theologian enough to venture a criticism in respect of the soundness of the conclusions arrived at in your volume, entitled 'Genesis Reread,' but with the millions of your countrymen who have African blood, I own myself a debtor to you in that production. It is a credit to the mind and heart of our whole people and a killing condemnation of our alleged mental inferiority. I have seldom read a book more elevated in style, more lucid and logical in argument, more rich in research, more profound in thought, or that gave evidence of more earnestness, industry, and candor in its production. I rejoice that you were able to write it. In speaking to Mr. Wears about the book, I expressed a wish which I repeat to you, and that is, that you would keep on writing. In preaching you speak to your congregation; in writing you speak to the country, and the country has great need of such teachers."

In the African Methodist Episcopal Church, Dr. Steward occupies a prominent position. Indeed, he is recognized not only as one of the most accomplished exegetes of his church, but an authority on questions of polity and history as well. He has been often mentioned as a probable candidate for the office of bishop; and though the good doctor disclaims the possession of any qualifications desirable in a church dignitary, it may be questioned if the ecclesiastical mantle could fall upon worthier shoulders than his.

He is the author of a dozen works of more or less substantial merit; he has a reading acquaintance with Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Arabic, and German; speaks and writes French with grace and fluency, and is master of an excellent English style.

As a pastor he has been successful, presiding at various times over large congregations in Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other cities.

At present he is a literary worker, whose productions find ready accept-



CHAPLAIN T. G. STEWARD, D.D.

ance with editors of magazines and leading journals. Such men as these verify the statements that the mental development required in military tactics enables the soldier to enter the literary world and successfully compete with the most logical writers of the present day.

ALONE.

BY ALBERT MONSON.

He stands alone amid the joyous throng,
  A mortal lost upon the sea of life;
Unto his ears the merry shout and song
  But turn to cries of agony and strife.
  He has no brother, sister, child nor wife,
Nor father, nor a mother's tender love
That care for him. The sunbeams from above
  Descend and cut him like a foeman's knife.

No deed of wilful wrong was ever done
  By him; and yet his anguished mind can trace
Along the path of life which he has run
  A line of errors nothing can efface.
  And now, forsaken, gloomy, in disgrace,
Denied by kindred and by former friends,
Down to the very dust his proud head bends
  While Death and Woe are stamped upon his face.

Alone! No word of sympathy or cheer
  Is offered to his sad and lonely heart;
No sounds of tender cadence reach his ear
  Nor to his spirit joyful news impart.
  Despair exhausts on him its hellish art;
He suffers hell on earth; and now, what more
Can Justice claim upon the other shore
  When from the earth his spirit shall depart!

"JOAQUIN STEPPED FORWARD WITH CLENCHED HANDS."—SEE PAGE 695.

THE FRA DIAVOLO OF EL DORADO.

BY NEITH BOYCE.

AT sixteen a lover eloping with his mistress; in two years thereafter first a miner, then a monte-dealer, finally an outlaw; at eighteen the head and heart of a band of desperadoes numbering from twenty to eighty; handsome and brave, feared by men and adored by women—this was Joaquin Murieta, the famous bandit of California.

Murieta was born in the department of Sonora, Mexico, and there passed sixteen uneventful years, imbibing a very mild education in the public school, and endearing himself to his mates by the sweetness and geniality of his disposition. His troubles began, not at all remarkably, with a woman. In his seventeenth year he became desperately enamored of Rosita Felix. Even at that early age it seems his fascinations were irresistible. The gay Boccaccian idyl had its appropriate climax in discovery and flight.

Pursued by Rosita's irate and revengeful father, the lovers fled, crossed the line in safety, and took refuge in Los Angeles. This was in '49. Here Murieta lived peacefully for a time, until he was implicated by confession of one of his associates in a horse-stealing raid of some previous date. Just or unjust, the charge drove him from Los Angeles—for in that wild time and country a murderer might and probably would go scot-free, but a horse-thief was hanged as soon as caught.

To the gold-fever now raging over the whole country, Joaquin fell an early and an easy victim. In the spring of 1850, we find him, still accompanied by the faithful Rosita—more faithful, alas, to him than he to her—engaged in mining among the Stanislaus placers, where he had a rich claim, and was on the road to wealth.

One evening his cabin, where with Rosita he was resting after a hard day's work, was invaded by a party of some half-dozen American ruffians.

"You don't know, I suppose, that greasers are not allowed to take gold from American ground," began the leader insolently.

"If you mean that I have no right to my claim, in obtaining which I have conformed to all the laws of the district, I certainly did not know it," replied Joaquin quietly.

"Well, you may know it now; and you have got to go. So vamoose, git, and take that trumpery with you," jerking his thumb toward Rosita. "The women, if anything, are worse than the men."

Joaquin stepped forward with clenched hands, the blood mantling his dark face. "I will leave these parts if such be your wish, but say one word against that woman, and though you were ten times an American, you shall rue it!"

Scarcely were these words uttered when one of the party reached over and struck Joaquin a severe blow in the face. The latter sprang for his bowie-knife, which he had thrown upon the bed on returning from work. Rosita, instinct with the danger such rashness threatened, threw herself before him, and seizing him in her arms, frantically held him. For the intruders to thrust the woman aside and strike the unarmed man senseless, was the work of a moment. When Joaquin awoke to consciousness it was to find Rosita prostrate, her face buried in her clothes, sobbing hysterically. Then he knew the worst. Fleeing from the desecrated spot, home no longer, Joaquin

and Rosita sought refuge on a little rancho, hidden away in the Calaveras Mountains. Even here they were not permitted to rest in peace. Driven out again by the all-coveting Yankee prospector, they next went to Murphy's Diggings, where Joaquin once more tried his luck at the mines. But fickle fortune no longer smiled on him, and after a time, weary of labor without reward, he became a monte-dealer. This occupation, then considered respectable, was better suited to the peculiar abilities of the suave young Sonorense, and for a time he prospered exceedingly.

But the fates were hostile and refused to be placated. One evening, while riding into town a horse which he had borrowed from a half-brother, who lived on a ranch near by, he was accosted by an American, who claimed that the animal had been stolen from him. In vain Murieta explained that he had borrowed it and pleaded "*pro alieno.*" A half-drunken crowd soon surrounded him, pulled him from the saddle, and carried him to the ranch of his brother, whom they summarily launched into eternity from the branch of one of his own trees; they then bound Joaquin to the same tree, and flogged him.

It was the last straw. The boy's hot southern blood flamed into madness. Looking around the circle of his enemies, he marked each one, and swore against them all a terrible oath of vengeance—kept but too well. From that time forth he was the relentless foe and scourge of the incrowding Americans. Typifying the struggle between victor and vanquished, he was—or considered himself—not a renegade and rebel so much as a victim of intolerable injustice, fighting to avenge the wrongs of himself and his countrymen upon their oppressors.

Not long afterward, the body of an American—one of those concerned in the flogging of Joaquin and the murder of his brother—was found near Murphy's Diggings, literally hacked to pieces. Suspicion pointed to Joaquin, and was confirmed by other murders following in quick succession. The name of the young Mexican began to be whispered about, coupled with threats of speedy lynching. These came to Joaquin's ears, and again he fled, none too soon.

Within a few months he was at the head of a band of desperadoes, numbering sometimes as high as eighty. In the organization and manipulation of this little army, Joaquin's talents had full sway and accomplished their work well. Among his followers his word was as the law of the Medes and Persians—from it there was no appeal, disobedience to it was punished by death. Each member of the band had his peculiar duties to perform, his allotted field of operations, the limits of which he must not overstep. For all the path of distinction was plainly marked—it was a trail of human blood. No outlaw was much respected who had not killed his man, and rank was high in proportion to the number slain. All these men were expert marksmen and equestrians, always splendidly mounted and armed.

The executive ability and personal magnetism of Joaquin enabled him to weld and compact what would ordinarily have been a disorderly crew into a unit, and to wield this terrible weapon with matchless precision and effect. For three years—a long time at that rushing epoch—he swept the country like a cyclone, defying the impotent government officials, marking his path by a wide swath of robbery and murder, and making the name of Joaquin a terror from Shasta to Tulare.

At no time before or since in the history of the coast could such a state of things be possible. But at that time the whole region was in upheaval. Justice was paralyzed, government a farce, and the minority of peace-loving citizens forced to band themselves together into vigi-

lance committees to supply the deficiencies of the public officers. Los Angeles was then known as the wickedest city on the coast. Being near the Mexican border it furnished a convenient stopping place for gamblers *en route* from Mexico to the mines, and for criminals to whom a trip across the line might at any moment become a necessity. As a consequence, in 1851–53 it had more desperadoes domiciled within its small limits than were at large in all the rest of California. Its average mortality was one a day. At one time the office of sheriff, worth $10,000 a year, went begging—two incumbents having been killed within the year.

Under such conditions, highwaymen were naturally as plentiful as flowers in spring; Joaquin was only one of many. And in order to view his failings charitably, it is only necessary to recall the names and deeds of his rivals in crime—Camillo, Armigo, Salomon Pico, Vasquez, and a host of others—men who without his provocations were to the full as sanguinary as he, and who had all his vices without any of his redeeming traits.

One of the choice spirits he ruled was Manuel Garcia, commonly known as Three-Fingered Jack, from his loss of a finger in the last Mexican war—a man of large, powerful frame, of rugged and ferocious countenance, of boundless brutality. The favorite sport of this individual was known as "sticking Chinamen." The poor little brown men were considered fair sport for any one who chose to try his skill upon them, and were slaughtered right and left like so many rats. Jack would dash into a group of the defenceless wretches, seize their queues with a peculiar twist of his own invention, jerk back their heads, and slash throat after throat. He used to boast that out of every ten he could account for five.

Another of the band was Claudio —a man of middle age, lean but vigorous, crafty, brave, but chiefly distinguished for consummate cunning and vindictiveness — a very Iago. Then there was Pedro Gonzalez, a most expert horse-thief and spy—a valuable member of the fraternity—and Joaquin Valenzuela, who was almost a counterpart of his leader, though a much older man. This marvellous resemblance often served Murieta by bewildering his pursuers and throwing them off the track, and made for him even a greater reputation for ubiquity than he deserved. And there was Reyes Félix, a brother of the devoted Rosita, who in his Mexican home had heard delightful tales of the daring and success of Joaquin, and burned with longing to join him. This, after the death of his father, he succeeded in doing, and served his captain faithfully and well until the vigilantes of Los Angeles caught and hanged him.

These are a few types of the band, whereof the rest were for the most part variations. They agreed in one thing, however, if in no other. They were all utterly wild and lawless, knowing no object but the satisfaction of their own greeds. Their leader, far from attempting to restrain them, set an example of unscrupulous audacity which the boldest might strive to emulate, but could never hope to excel.

The stories of Murieta's bold and bloody deeds are countless. The following are characteristic:

While attending a *fandango* in San José, he got into a fracas, and was fined twelve dollars by a magistrate. Being put in charge of a deputy-sheriff, he invited that officer to go with him to his house and get the money. The man, not knowing with whom he had to deal, complied. The two reached an unfrequented place, when the bandit suddenly turned, said, "Accept the compliments of Joaquin!" and plunged his jewelled dagger up to its hilt in the other's breast.

One evening he was seated at the monte-table, when one of the players,

"I TAKE THE BET; JOAQUIN IS BEFORE YOU."—SEE PAGE 699.

an American, boastfully offered to bet $500 that he would kill Joaquin at sight. Murieta leaped upon the table, thrust his pistol into the astonished American's face, and cried: "I take the bet—Joaquin is before you!" Then springing to the ground he mounted and rode away unharmed.

In the spring of 1852, he drove three hundred stolen horses through southern California into Sonora. Soon after, being in Los Angeles for a few days, he heard that another deputy-sheriff was on his track with the avowed purpose of taking him dead or alive. Joaquin got up a sham fight between two Indians in front of the hotel where the officer was staying. The latter came out to see the fray, when the bandit dashed up to him, drove a bullet through his head and rode away.

Another time Joaquin rode into a camp where about twenty-five miners were at supper, and entered into conversation with them. Presently a man who knew him by sight joined the party and upon seeing him called out: "That is Joaquin! Why in God's name don't you kill him?" Putting spurs to his horse, with one bound Joaquin cleared the camp and dashed down the canyon. Finding his path blocked there, he returned toward the camp to take advantage of a narrow coyote-trail around the brow of a precipice that overhung the awful depths of the canyon below. A shower of bullets greeted his reappearance, but none of them touched him, and he dashed up along the dizzy path, waving his dagger and shouting defiance.

On one occasion, riding in disguise through Stockton, he saw a handbill offering $1,000 for his capture. He wrote underneath, "I will give $5,000 —Joaquin," and departed unmolested.

One could fill a volume with tales like these, but enough have been given to show his methods and the success which almost invariably attended them. However, he had now nearly reached the end of his tether, the popular clamor having finally forced the authorities to take extraordinary measures for his suppression. In May, 1853, the legislature at Sacramento passed an act authorizing Harry Love, a well-known ranger, to do what they were unable to accomplish—namely, to hunt down Joaquin and kill him. This robber-hunter is described as "a tall, straight Black Knight figure, with bright burning eyes and long glossy ringlets falling over his shoulders, knightly in way and walk as an ancient cavalier."

With a band of twenty followers, rangers like himself, Love set to work. Once upon the trail he was as untiring and relentless as a sleuth-hound, bringing all his mountaineer knowledge and skill to aid in hunting down his prey. All the long summer months he followed stealthily the flying footsteps of Joaquin, waiting the opportunity which the latter's well-known recklessness was sure in the end to give him. But it is possible that the bandit might have continued to burst through the fine-spun webs spread to trap him—if it had not been for the treachery of a woman. One of Joaquin's mistresses, Antonia la Molinera, had been faithless to him, and in terror of his threatened vengeance betrayed him to his enemies. Then the end came.

One evening at the last of July, Love and his band came upon a party of seven Mexicans in camp near the Tejon pass. Six of them were gathered about the camp-fire where preparations for supper were going on. The seventh, at a little distance, was washing down a magnificent bay horse. A bright, picturesque figure he was, with his flowing black curls, his sparkling eyes, his gay and rich attire. On being asked where his party was going he replied, "To Los Angeles." Addressing the men around the fire, however, Love received an entirely different answer;

when the first speaker advanced a step, raised his head haughtily and said, "I command here. Address yourself to me."

At this moment one of the pursuing party, a man who knew Joaquin, and was known by him, came up. The latter saw that the game was lost. Calling to his men to save themselves, he sprang upon his horse, and was off like a flash. Close upon him came his foes, firing as they rode. As he dashed madly down the narrow trail, his horse stumbled upon the brink of a precipice, and fell with him down the declivity. Both unhurt, in a moment they were up and on. But closer and closer came the pursuers; thick and thicker the hail of bullets. Murieta's horse was struck and fell mortally wounded. The rider, knowing himself lost, yet held on desperately for some paces, until three bullets had pierced him. Then he turned with a smile, held up his jewelled hand, saying: "It is enough!" and sinking down, died without a moan.

Thus, when he was but twenty-one, ended the career of Joaquin Murieta; it had lasted barely three years. Who will embalm it in song or story? Surely here is material rich enough to tempt and inspire novelist, poet, or librettist. What a picturesque background and setting — shifting from the mingled squalor and splendor of the primitive city to the sordid realities and golden promise of the mining camp, and thence to the wild, majestic beauty of the mountain passes and canyons! What felicities of plot, what wealth of incident comic, tragic, always dramatic, the history of the time unfolds with every page! And for hero—have we not already sketched one? Nowhere in fact or fiction could there be found a character better suited to bring out to the full the wild romance of the time, to crystallize about itself that strange vanished life into enduring shapes of terror and beauty, than this same lithe, picturesque, youthful figure, with its fierce glowing passions of love and hate, its electric force of will, its revenge swift and deadly as the spring of the rattlesnake.

THE DEERHOUND IN AMERICA.

BY GEORGE MACDOUGALL.

LANDSEER'S "Stag at Bay" possesses the power to stir the blood of one who possesses an innate love of the chase, and carries the imaginative inspector far away from his real surroundings, into the excitement of a deer-hunt. He can almost hear the deep-mouthed baying of his hounds when after a long exhausting run, trembling and frothing with fatigue and heat, they find their victim at last in their power. He can almost see the flash of the hunted animal's eyes, as it throws up its head in a last noble effort of self-defence. And later he sees the stretched-out skin and catches the delicate aroma of roasted venison, and finally, with his faithful deerhounds crouched around him, he lies back in his easy-chair in his library, and gazes above the mantel at the beautifully mounted antlers.

Upon first seeing a deerhound, if one has placed his expectations very high, he is likely to be disappointed, especially when his school chum's greyhound Jeff promptly shakes the daylights out of him, and leaves his exalted expectations shattered in the dust.

But afterward, when one has become a full-fledged dog-fiend, goes to dog shows and learns to talk learnedly about the proper carriage of tails and ears, the presence and absence of quality, character, and other equally paradoxical attributes, his flagging faith revives, and when he comes across a long, gray, symmetrical beauty, resembling a weasel, a panther, and several other graceful animals, as she arises from her bed of straw and smiles at him with her lovely, kind eyes, stretching her thin limbs and wagging her tail, he will lose his heart entirely.

Two or three years ago, while in

Montana, the writer received by express a lanky, clumsy, cowardly puppy, a giant in body but a baby in mind, who was christened "Alan Breck," after Stevenson's most picturesque character in his most interesting story, "Kidnapped." The extreme altitude, aided perhaps by overwork, gave Alan nervous prostration, and for six months he was delicate, sluggish, afraid of his own shadow, but always obedient and loving. A camping trip restored him to health and he has never been ill a moment since. Courage came with health. He delighted his owner by successively thrashing every dog who had ever insulted him. He remembered them all, and, after each fight came back smiling and panting. To keep him company came "Rob's Lassie," a little "ornery," ugly puppy about five months old, who, even at that age, put her hackles up and whimpered with rage if a strange dog looked hard at her. Lass is still small and "ornery," but has developed into a beauty, nevertheless; of courage absolutely dauntless, endurance unlimited, not very fast but always first to see game, first to own a track, first to start and last to quit. She is nervous, petulant, and headstrong; will cry with rage if thwarted; but is also loving, gentle, and intelligent. Alan, on the contrary, is all dignity and softness, a demon in a fight, but that only as a matter of business, and, now that all his old enemies have been conquered, not in the least quarrelsome. A word of caution, and he will let a strange dog do anything but actually bite him, only raising his head and walking stiffly by. But woe betide the dog who transgresses his limit! Like a flash Alan's fangs are in his throat and, if under fifty or sixty pounds in weight, his legs are flying in the air as Alan shakes him as a terrier would a rat.

In early days in Ireland there existed a breed of gigantic wolfhounds, famed in song and story. Extraordinary tales are told of their size and prowess. With the extinction of the wolves, however, their usefulness was gone, and the wolfhounds disappeared almost as rapidly as the wolves. One or two English fanciers claim to possess specimens of pure blood, and they are trying hard to revive the breed by aid of deerhound, great Dane, and other crosses. Practically the same dog was used in the Highlands of Scotland to hunt the red deer, though size was not so necessary as in the old wolfhounds. Their usefulness there continues to the present day, but in the early part of the present century, with several other ancient breeds, extinction had almost overtaken them. The inauguration of dog shows about sixty years ago revived interest in many old and dying breeds. To restore the deerhounds excessive inbreeding was necessary, which diminished their size. The size of the dogs has to a great extent been recovered, but the bitches are still small, though they are improving every year. Nothing has been lost except size. The breed seems to retain all of its pristine courage, speed, endurance, and hunting sense. In America the change of climate has acted like a change of blood; added to which, we are getting further from the inbred source with every generation, so that the effect of inbreeding is gradually wearing out, and we today are breeding finer deerhounds than they have in Britain.

Ten or twelve years ago the most prominent breeder of deerhounds in America was Dr. Q. Van Hummell, then of Denver, Colorado. He had a pack of twelve or fourteen highly bred dogs and used them on the big game which was more plentiful then in Colorado than now. He claimed for them wonderful courage and intelligence, but found them rather deficient in speed, and his fancy gradually turned to the greyhound. He has owned no deerhounds for several years, but his eyes glistened on see-

ing Alan, who was bred from a bitch that he once owned. Dr. Van Hummell a number of years ago sent a pack of deerhounds to this northern country, which were purchased by the Montana Cattle Association, and were hunted for them by a Mr. Porter, now of Denver, to clear the range of coyotes and gray wolves.

The first exhibition that Mr. Porter gave the cattle men was immediately after a journey on horseback of about sixty miles, from which his pack was all foot-sore. He took four deerhounds out, however, and killed a very large gray wolf. The pack was hunted on the range, east of the Rockies, by Mr. Porter for about a year, during which time he killed about six or seven hundred coyotes and some three hundred gray wolves. He was paid by the Cattle Association and also received the bounty, which was at that time high, for the skins, and he therefore made a very good thing of it. The Cattle Association then bought the dogs and Mr. Porter went home. The pack was hunted in the interests of the cattle men for several years thereafter, but some trouble arose and the pack was split up and scattered, some of them remaining in the possession of Colonel Murphy, of Helena, up to a year or two ago. Mr. Porter made a similar trip to Texas last winter, which proved entirely successful and very profitable. His pack in Texas, however, did not consist entirely of thoroughbred deerhounds; there were several cross-bred deerhound-greyhounds and several greyhounds. The best dog of the pack was the litter to which Alan belonged. He, with another deerhound and a medium-sized greyhound, absolutely killed a gray wolf without assistance. Mr. Porter was not willing to assert that that feat could be repeated with any regularity, but claimed that the same three dogs could probably do it again, with a little good luck.

A gray wolf is an ugly antagonist, and must be overcome by a pack of dogs strong enough to control him by superior strength, or else at the end of the encounter a few dogs will be missing. In such an encounter Mr. Porter's method was to help his dogs all he could. As soon as they had a wolf down and he could get to them he dismounted, and putting his foot on the neck of the wolf while he was held by the dogs, stabbed him with a knife.

In working a pack a pair of good gritty greyhounds are very useful. They are faster than the deerhounds, and if you have the right kind of greyhounds there is very little difference as to grit. The deerhounds are stronger, a little more plucky, and have more hunting sense. They also help themselves to find the game, which greyhounds do only in exceptional cases.

The first coyote the writer ever saw killed was by four dogs, Alan, Lassie, Tony, and another old stager of a greyhound called Snip, belonging to a hunting chum. Snip had been through the mill "many a time and oft." His old body was scarred from end to end, and his head was chock-full of schemes to beguile the wily coyote. Tony had been entered on coyotes before, and they said the same of Alan, but we were of the opinion that he was certainly too young to have had very much experience. Lassie was about fourteen months old and had never seen anything bigger than a jack-rabbit.

We started out one morning from Deer Lodge, Frank on his powerful little roan horse Roanie, Irve on a crazy thoroughbred colt, which, however, was no crazier than its rider when it came to a run, the owner of Alan and Tony on a little bit of a cow-punching cayuse called Punkin-seed. Punkin-seed is small and ugly enough to stop an eight-day clock, but a gamier little horse never looked through a bridle. He has carried his rider gallantly through many a long day, and though either Roanie or the thoroughbred can

outrun him two to one, he is generally "there or thereabouts" at the end of a run, especially over rough ground, for the little rascal can pick his way like a coyote and make up time over a level piece of ground no larger than a handkerchief.

It was a sunny but cold day in December. There was about six inches of snow and everything was frozen tight. We agreed among ourselves that it was really dangerous to gallop our horses, and that if the dogs jumped a coyote we would not ride hard, but take care of our necks. After a ride of six or seven miles we were going down a steep hill, at the bottom of which was an irrigated field frozen into little ridges. We had dismounted with the intention of putting up the fence, when somebody shouted out, "There they go!" Looking up, a pair of coyotes were seen about a quarter of a mile away running up the next bench. The two boys galloped down the hill.

None of the dogs could be sighted but Lass. She was so crazy for a run that it was a comparatively easy matter to get her started, and the rest ran because she did, and quickly became sighted. We were soon flying over the ploughed field, without thoroughly realizing how it all oc-

curred, jumping the stream at the end and galloping up the hill. Roanie would not jump a fence—the beggar never will unless the whole force of the company get at him and yell and strike him with their hats. After raising considerable excitement Roanie jumped over, Irve jumped, little Punkin jumped, and we straightened out for about a mile, right up the mountains.

Reaching the top of a foot-hill, we saw the dogs on the top of the next bench, a quarter of a mile away. We looked askance at the croppings of hard rock sticking out of the side of the hill from six or eight inches to three feet high. Frank, in the mean time, had gone off to the left and found an easier descent. We turned our horses loose down this beautiful declivity, jumped a number of little benches and gullies in the valley, and piled up the hill on the other side. As we topped the hill we saw the hounds on the next hill, pretty well strung out, and poor old Snip tailing badly. At the bottom of this hill there was a stream thickly grown with cottonwoods. We came down the hill at a canter. As we got to the bottom Roanie, as usual, refused to jump. Punkin stopped on the steep bank. Where Frank stood was the only place where the growth was thin enough to get through. Frank talked to Roanie lovingly, and while he talked to him little Punkin was sliding down this bank. Finally Punkin's rider said, "Frank, I am coming," and he replied, "Come on, and be *somethinged!*" and Punkin must have landed on Roanie's back. But Roanie jumped the creek, Punkin after him, and we lay on our horses' necks and let them

bore through the brush to the top of the next hill in due course. The dogs were then half a mile away and out of sight.

Presently they came trailing back. The long start that the coyotes had was too much for them, for over this dreadful ground they pumped themselves comparatively soon. We rested a little and let them roll in the snow; then we went on. As we rode down the ridge we noticed old Snip throw his head up to windward and start away at a canter. The other hounds went with him. We were on the point of calling them back, but concluded that if they made a mistake they would learn more by making it than by our correcting them. As we reached the brow of a steep hill Frank gave a yell that pretty nearly scared Roanie into a spasm. We looked, and on came the hounds down out of the draw on our left. They had a coyote about fifty yards ahead of them, running for all he was worth. He tried to turn up the draw on our side, but a few yells turned him back. The coyote crossed the stream and tried to turn up the draw on Irve's side, but a yell from Irve spoiled that plan, and it was then too late for him to turn down, so he had to keep right on up the steep side of the hill. As he got about fifty yards up the hill, Tony, who was leading, nailed him by the hind leg. He turned to bite at Tony, when Snip grabbed him by the belly, Alan by the throat, and Lass some place or other, quicker than you could count one, two, three. They were running packed, Tony first, Snip at his shoulder, Alan at Snip's, Lassie at Alan's, and the coyote turned into such an array of gleaming ivories as he probably had never met before, and certainly never will again. As they shook him they made their way slowly down the hill, falling occasionally, for it was very steep, but not one of them let go for an instant. We all came up with the dogs on the other side of the creek. There was no hope for the coyote. Alan had his whole neck in his jaws, and the only change he made in his grip was to "guzzle" him a little deeper to get his back teeth in action. The other dogs were shaking and tearing at him wherever they could get a hold, and a few moments saw his intestines torn out. Our dogs had covered themselves with glory, and we were very proud of them when we turned homeward.

There was another glorious chase about three weeks afterward. This was over near Whitehall, on the east side of the range. We were informed of a herd of antelope that still remained in the valley, and concluded we would go and interview them. We took Alan, Tony, Lass, and our rifles, and went over the Bozeman Short Line to Whitehall, where we were met by a ranching friend, with whom we spent the night. There was very little snow in the valley, but the day was bitterly cold, with one of those piercing winds which freeze the marrow in one's bones. We started early and drove about fourteen miles up the valley, picking up a young rancher on the way. We rode some two or three miles, when the young rancher sighted the antelope up in the foot-hills.

As we pulled up to look at them we noticed a jack-rabbit squatting by a sage-brush within ten feet of Doc's horse. One of the party whom we called Doc brought his rifle up and shot the rabbit through the head. His killing this jack-rabbit, while it saved a run, frightened the antelope, and they took to their heels. They were some distance off, and the wind was blowing so hard that none of us could see very well and we wasted half an hour trying to find their tracks leading south, whereas they had gone north. As we were hunting around Alan hit off the trail, and, the other two joining him, they trailed the antelope for us about half a mile, when the young rancher said: "I know just where they are; they

have gone up to the sand-hills." We struck for the road to get out of the cactus and cantered along pretty smartly for four or five miles; then, turning over toward the mountains again, we reached the mouth of quite a large valley with sand-hills in all directions. Forming a line (rather a slim one to cover half a mile of territory) we rode up into this valley for about a mile, when we saw the antelope looking at us from the crest of a sand-hill. We kept edging nearer until the antelope broke by us as a band of cattle would. Doc turned himself loose and struck a fine two-year-old doe about an inch above the brisket. As we discovered afterward, the bullet went just above the breast-bone and below the vital organs, and it made no difference to her speed for half a mile or so. The hounds did not seem to take much notice; they had never seen antelope before, but with our riding and yelling Lass suddenly took fire and started to run in earnest. The other two immediately joined her, and it was only a matter of a moment till they were all excited and in hot pursuit. Then followed a wild ride. By dint of thumping our ponies, which were not in very good condition, with the butt ends of our rifles, kicking, rocking in the saddle, and cracking our throats with fiendish yells, we got them warmed up. The chase had lasted about a mile, when the wounded antelope commenced to drop back from the band. Seeing this, the hounds redoubled their exertions. Little Tony was in the lead, Alan next, and then Lass, strung out about twenty or thirty yards apart. Tony, on reaching the antelope, grabbed it by the side of its hip, which, of course, afforded him no hold, and he dropped off with a mouthful of fur and skin. It checked the antelope a little, however, and Alan put on some extra steam. He disappeared on the far side of the antelope, then his great head appeared above its back as he made his spring, when they both rolled over together and came to earth in a cloud of dust. The other hounds threw themselves on her and pinned her to the ground. The dogs did not have a sound foot left among them. The cactus had cut them into ribbons, for which cause we decided not to hunt any further, so we turned our steps for the ranch where we had left the team. Arriving there, we devoured about all the provisions in the house, thanked the ranchman and his wife for their hospitality, and started for home in triumph. The head of the doe was a very pretty one and we afterward had it mounted.

In Montana, besides the writer's pack, there are some good wolf-killers—deerhounds, greyhounds, and cross-breeds—in the neighborhood of Great Falls.

A good deerhound should be as fast as a second-rate greyhound and as good a stayer. The most predominant characteristic of the deerhound is his courage. One is hardly ever found lacking in this quality, and their punishing power is very useful at the bitter end of a hard fight.

We have killed coyotes with two greyhounds, two deerhounds, two deerhounds and a greyhound, and various like combinations, but two dogs are hardly equal to a coyote, for they are usually not powerful enough to hold the coyote helpless, and it is a sickening sight to a true sportsman to see good hounds cut up needlessly. Of course they have to take all reasonable chances, but three hounds are better than two and four are better than three. Hounds have not the courage of bull-dogs. Severe punishment does not do them any good, and there is a point at which they will quit (a fact that might as well be admitted). Therefore it is expedient to see that the chances are in favor of the hounds escaping with little or no punishment.

We have owned dogs of all breeds for the past twenty years, and in no

breed can be found such a pleasing combination of high qualities as those which characterize the deerhound. Big Alan, savage as he looks and is, in fact, when occasion requires, will allow a little child to maul him until humanity calls for interference. He lives peaceably with seven or eight other dogs, a little nanny-goat, and a horse. Once in a while there is a squabble, but Alan is never known to keep on fighting after one of his kennel-mates has quit. Not only does he seldom fight, himself, but he absolutely will not allow the others to fight among themselves. No restraint is exercised on them. They run together, their food is thrown to them on the ground, and they are watched only for the first few minutes, after which they are left to feed as they will. Alan, of course, usually gets a little the best of it and picks the choicest morsels. Some of the greyhound dogs and younger deerhounds may have an objection to this occasionally, but it is so quickly overruled and silenced that it amounts to nothing. The little nanny-goat sleeps with him, and he seems very proud of her attachment. He treats the puppies kindly, though with dignity, only occasionally entering into a romp with them when the spirit moves him.

Lass, on the contrary, is always ready for any kind of excitement. She is romping all day and can stand off the whole pack when they make it too interesting for her, as they often do.

Deerhounds are delicate when young, but, once grown, seem to be extremely hardy. Their care is simple. They should be fed on plenty of meat and table-scraps once a day, and, if possible, given access at all times to greyhound biscuit, to fill up on. About every other day they should be run from eight to fifteen miles at a smart jog, occasionally spurting, then stopping to a walk. In the hunting season they should get a run every day except the day before and day after a hunt. Under this treatment they will be always strong, lively, and ready for work. Before starting on a hunt it is a good idea to give each hound a slice or two of bread, to stay their stomachs, and when they come home as much meat as they will eat. Their legs and feet should be kept in good condition, and they should be given plenty of bedding, then left quiet till the next afternoon, when they should have a walk of a mile or so and then be fed. The second day they should get about five or six miles, then they can go back to their regular work. In this way (bar accidents) dogs may always be kept in good condition and ready to throw themselves into the chase with all the ardor and enthusiasm that flushes the cheek and quickens the blood of their sympathetic masters.

THAT ALIEN.

BY ROSALIE A. KNELL.

A TEA-PARTY was at *tempo vivace*. Delicate shaded lamps threw a soft glow over the brilliant and artistic rooms. *Tête-à-tête* tables with old-rose silk coverings stood about, and everywhere sweetest of blushing roses were in dense profusion. Steaming cups of tea stood upon the tables before the upper set of our society, their gay chatter and soft laughter intermingling with the dreamy strains of a waltz now and then sounding in from among the thick palms of the anteroom. Dorothy Thornburgh was holding a Russian tea from three to six at the æsthetic Pacific Avenue residence of her father, Judge Thornburgh. Guests crowded the rooms and halls; there was a general clatter of busy tongues and a variety of smiling faces, each one evidently glad with the other.

Rather late in the afternoon the sudden, high-sounding electric bell again rang out sharply. At the same moment the door swung and two gentlemen entered the house together —the jolly, laughing-faced young Lieutenant Stevenson and with him a very tall, stalwart Englishman, clumsy of foot and blunt in manner. His light-brown hair, parted in the middle, was brushed down very smoothly on both sides of his head. His beard, of a reddish hue, was closely cut and came to a point at the chin. He carried himself with a very noticeable droop; yet as William Victor Bereston stood there with both hands resting on his back he looked a typical Englishman. He certainly entranced this American maiden Dorothy as for the first time she looked upon him. The next moment her tall, lithe figure came toward them. Her dark-brown eyes sparkled and her cheeks were glowing with animation.

"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Stevenson," warmly extending her hand. "I feared you were not coming, but then I am so glad you have!" turning and smiling on the Englishman.

"My friend Mr. Bereston, Miss Thornburgh." Bereston seized her hand and shook it so that Dorothy blushed most intensely.

"I am delighted to meet you, my dear Miss Thornburgh. I have heard so much about you that I have really been quite anxious to meet you, don't you know," in that characteristic drawl.

"Really?" responded Dorothy sweetly. "Do I come up to your expectation?" This caused much mirth for the speakers as well as those near by.

"Quite, Miss Thornburgh, quite!"

"Oh, only quite? Well, I am glad of that; and being the friend of my friend here, I am glad to know you."

She led the way in and formally introduced them. It was not long before Dorothy and Bereston learned to know each other very well, agreeing wonderfully on all topics of conversation.

"What a charming girl you are, Miss Thornburgh. Really you are a typical American girl."

"I am proud that I am an American; but as for the typical part, I don't know."

"What a charming laugh you have, and you carry such an amount of expression in your face, don't you know."

This struck Dorothy as being immensely funny, and she burst into merry laughter.

"Do I? I never noticed that before."

"You are an awfully jolly girl, and I think I like you very much, don't you know."

"*Think*, sir? You know not what you say!"

Both laughed, and Bereston "hoo-hoo-hoo'd" so that it fairly convulsed Dorothy. The Englishman began to wonder what she was really laughing at, and in *sordino* effect continued laughing rather nervously.

"What's all this about?" said Lieutenant Stevenson, coming toward them and, as usual, madly twirling his mustache. "What is the joke?"

"There is really no joke, my dear boy. We are simply laughing at nothing, don't you know," drawled Bereston.

"Yes, at nothing," Dorothy laughingly put in, to which Bereston turned to her:

"What *are* we laughing at?"

"I don't know what *you* are laughing at, but I am laughing at you, or rather nothing."

"At me — hoo-hoo-hoo — at me — hoo-hoo-oo-o! You don't seem to be afraid to say so. Now really, my dear Miss Thornburgh, I am very much flattered."

"I thought you would be. Forgive me, Mr. Bereston, for being so giddy."

"You are charming!"

"But seriously," continued Dorothy, turning to the young lieutenant, "I want you and Mr. Bereston to stay to dinner to-night. Can you?"

Stevenson looked to Bereston.

"I should like to very much—yes, thanks, shall be delighted," answered Bereston.

"Ah, I am glad. Now see that you do not go." With a smile Dorothy left them, and was soon chatting gayly with a young man who seemed beside himself with admiration of her.

"By George, Stevenson, that's a—that's a most charming girl. I'm quite in love with her already."

"The deuce you are! I say, Bereston," turning and facing him, "I think you had better go!"

"Hoo-hoo—not much, dear boy, not much."

Bereston is one of those fellows most susceptible to pretty girls, especially those of mammondom. He falls in love with all of them, and almost always uses his polished ways and brilliant eloquence in proposing to marry them. But it seems searching papas and careful mammas always find him out in time; or sometimes it was his turn to find out something about the money part of the contract, in which case he thought nothing of simply quietly disappearing in proper time. That he is a professional liar is well known in several parts of different countries. Besides these gifts, he always fares well as regards society's hospitalities. In his daring, blunt way he is almost hateful—and yet he is irresistible.

After dinner that evening Dorothy was almost wildly gay. She sat at the piano and sang Godard, swelling the Englishman's heart even more by her thrilling contralto voice. He leaned his elbow on the top of the piano and looked upon her, enraptured, while the others talked.

"What a charming girl! that finely shaped head! exquisite auburn hair! divine profile! well curved neck! those brilliant brown eyes!" Thus mused he, when——

"I like you, Miss Dorothy," suddenly blurted out Bereston.

"Do you? And I like you." She turned to him bewitchingly.

"Really! Do you mean that, Miss Dorothy?"

"Of course I do. I want you to believe it, and I want you to come again. How long do you intend staying?"

"To-night?"

"No, no. I mean in California. You said something about going back to England shortly."

"Ah, yes, I did intend next month, —but now—I w. 't, unless I take you with me."

"Mr. Bereston!" she looked up at him, her merry eyes aglow, and ris-

ing from the piano stool, playfully beckoned to him, saying, "Come, let us join the others."

The next day Mr. Bereston called upon Miss Dorothy, and of course every day that week he was there. Lunched with the Thornburghs five times, and dined there three times, and at the end of all times Dorothy found herself more interested in him than ever. But her father, learning from Aunt Sara of these numerous day calls and lunch parties, besides committing to memory one of the Englishman's letters to Dorothy, stood upon the brink of fury.

"The idea of that man!" he stormed. "Who is he, anyhow?"

"An awfully nice fellow, papa, and such a real gentleman, too," answered Dorothy gayly, at that moment appearing at the study door.

The unlooked-for and sudden answer, with the gay, smiling face, quite took his breath, but only for a second.

"A gentleman, is he? You know no more to verify that assertion than I do, and I know nothing."

"Why, his bearing, his manners are those of only a gentleman."

"The bearing of only a persistent form of impertinency! I am told he has been here every day this week. What is the meaning?"

"Well—you know—because, you know, I invited him always. He only came a few times of his own accord. But he is such a bright and clever talker, I do like him so much."

"No doubt about it. You American girls are extremely tiresome about these foreign products; I tell you I don't like the man, never did. It has been three times too many times to bear the sight of him at our dinner-table, and I forbid his entrance here again."

"There is no sense in disliking a person for no reason."

Judge Thornburgh thought of a letter in his pocket, then again thought it best to let it stay there.

"I tell you, Dorothy, I forbid the man to come in this house again. If he comes when I am here, I'll simply throw him out—the most impertinent specimen of his type I ever met. A penniless masker who gets into the good graces of people, and clings to their goodness like a serpent. A man that ought to be put into a balloon and sent off the earth—a parasite—a——"

"Now, papa, there is no use raving about it; I am sure when you know him better you will like him very much. I notice you laugh at his witty remarks."

"No one can help laughing at such a foppish idiot, such an infernal ape!" —Dorothy's lower lip protruded— "What a great deal he thinks of himself, to force his company this way upon people who care nothing for him!" he shouted. "But I'll let him know who has it to say in this house!"

"I think I still have a right to invite and have my friends," tearfully began Dorothy.

"No one forbids you, Dorothy, but I notice you are disgustingly gushing toward new-comers, and to this Englishman unusually so. Who is he, that you should treat him this way, and what does he want? What do you know of him? What gentleman will force his presence into a respectable household this way, and allow himself to be entertained by the daughter, and every day of the week at that—and—and—I become more enraged the more I think of it!"

"There, there—what is the use of speaking so? Being introduced by Lieutenant Stevenson ought to be enough proof of his being a gentleman. I cannot believe any wrong in him. He is a jolly well-met fellow, like clubmen generally are, but perfectly honorable and straightforward. Besides, how are you ever going to know a person if you don't invite them to come, and learn to know them."

"I don't want to know this man, and I won't have him in the house!" stormed Judge Thornburgh.

"And I do," returned Dorothy hotly, "and I think I still have a little right in this house regarding my friends!" She swept from the room in a rage, slamming the door after her. At the same moment the bell rang. She knew who it was, and sprang down the stairs to answer the door herself. Bereston walked in.

"How are you to-day, darling?" he said, taking Dorothy's hand and pressing it to his lips.

Dorothy turned a frightened look toward the upper landing of the broad stairway.

"Why, what's the matter, dear, what makes you so frightened?" coolly putting his hat, gloves, and cane on the rack. "Come, tell me what makes you so timid," and with both hands thrust into his sack-coat pockets he deliberately walked into the drawing-room and let himself fall into the most comfortable chair.

"Oh, Mr. Bereston, I think you'd better not stay to-day. Papa is angry about something, and it makes him mad at everybody."

"Not at me, I hope."

"I think—I think—Mr. Bereston, don't *you* think you had better not stay?"

"Why? What is he mad at me about? I'm sure he has no reason to be."

"No—but he is—Oh, Mr. Bereston, come to-morrow—I——"

"My dear Dorothy, I would not for the world be the cause of any trouble for you. It is strange that your father should be angry with me. I'm sure I have always acted right."

"I know—but my father does not like you, and——"

"He does not wish me to call. My dear Dorothy, this is the first house in San Francisco that has refused me an entrance, I assure you." At this little speech the humiliated stranger feigned a hurt expression uncommonly funny to one who really knows him.

"I am so sorry about this, Mr. Bereston—but——"

"Well, if you wish me gone, why, I'll go."

"No, I don't—you know I don't. I am so glad to see you, you know I'm glad to see you!"

"You are very kind, Dorothy dear, I'm sure I know no happiness away from you. I love you, Dorothy. You shall be my wife. Say you love me, dear."

"I do—so much—so much, but——"

"You will be mine spite of everything. Be true to me as I am to you, always?"

"Why should I not, when I love you so, my——"

"Dorothy!" abruptly called a stern voice from the head of the stairs, causing a tableau in the drawing-room.

"Dorothy!" resounded the voice again.

"What—what is it—papa?" stammered blushing Dorothy from the doorway, throwing a painful glance at the Englishman.

"Who is that man?"

"It's—it's Mr.—Mr. Bereston."

"What does he want?" shouted Judge Thornburgh. "You will ask that man to leave this house at once!"

There was a death-like silence. Dorothy slowly came to where the Englishman was coolly standing.

"I guess you had better go. My father is enraged about something."

"I don't really quite understand your father, Dorothy. What makes him so down on me? I'm sure he has no reason. But dearest, you will be true to me, won't you, darling, no matter——"

"William, I love you, and I am yours truly, but for heaven's sake go. I fear my father will come, and then there will be a scene. I beg of you go!—good heavens, he is coming! *Why* don't you go!"

"Let him come. I'll see him right now," and thrusting his hands in his trousers' pockets, he coolly stood waiting. The next moment Judge Thornburgh appeared in the doorway.

"Oh! ah! my dear Judge Thornburgh, how are you to-day?" advancing toward him and taking his hand. "I am glad you are looking so well."

The judge seemed petrified—the brazenness was appalling. Dorothy turned away with a giggle.

"Dorothy, I asked you to show this man out, but since you disobey, I have come to do so myself."

"Really, Judge Thornburgh, I do not quite understand your feelings toward me. I have never yet been ordered out of a house; I will go if you wish me to, but I will speak first. I will be glad if you will tell me your reasons for disliking me. I cannot bear to think I have done any wrong toward you, or hurt you in any way. I respect you very much, and have a deep regard for your daughter."

"Deep regard indeed—you have shown it very brilliantly, and through it proven to me the depth of your manliness. This letter here, which I can understand is one of yours, most accidentally came into my possession." Dorothy's heart leaped; the Englishman withered.

"Now will you tell me, sir, what right you have in writing this way to my daughter and signing yourself, 'Your loving Bill,' on one week's acquaintance?"

"Really, my dear Mr. Thornburgh —I—really I—er—you know, I——"

"By your appearance and the growth of your beard one would judge you a man—not the fop that you are, and if my daughter had two ounces of womanly dignity in her, she would have put a stop to your gross boldness at once."

"I am sorry, my dear Judge Thornburgh," the Englishman began—then half loudly muttered to himself, "That beastly letter!"

"Yet that beastly letter was written for my daughter."

"I beg of you don't misunderstand me. I really love your daughter very much, don't you know. My intentions toward her are perfectly honorable, I assure you. Don't let a beastly letter of that sort separate us. I promise you I shall not take such liberties in writing to her again."

"In this I already have the proof of your character, and your persistency in coming here at any and all times enrages me more than I can express. To me you are absolutely disgusting, and who you are and what you are is yet to be found out."

"I don't wish to discuss my ancestry at the present moment, but were my father to know of his son being snubbed in this way, he would soon let his power be felt."

"Sir, you will leave the house!"

"I will do so without being ordered." Bereston walked to the other end of the room to Dorothy, her cheeks aflame with mortification and anger. In silence he held her hand. She looked up into his face, and a look of tenderness passed over it, quickly changing to one of defiance as she glanced toward her angry father. Bereston came across the long room again, bowed and left the house.

When the door closed after Bereston, Judge Thornburgh without a word to Dorothy went up to his study.

After a few hysterical stage-falls over the couch in her own boudoir, Dorothy dried her tearful eyes, and sitting down to her desk wrote a spasmodic note to Bereston, sealed it, and with a decided pound of her shapely fist upon it sent it by her maid Tessa. Upon which issue, Bereston met Dorothy in her dog-cart on the morrow at a stated place, and slowly driving through the Park they made a rough sketch of the future. The next day Dorothy and Tessa departed from the Thornburgh domicile, pretence formed of a few days' stay with friends in Fruitvale —another well-seasoned dish for Society's splendid appetite.

"Dorothy Thornburgh has eloped with that Englishman Bereston, and the old man Thornburgh is fuming."

"Heavens!—I am married," Doro-

thy said to herself after the ceremony was over and she began to realize it. "Married," the very sound of the word frightened her. She felt an intense desire to weep. She wished she had not done it. She will never do it again. She longed to fall upon dear papa's neck and weep.

"Well," she said to herself, jerking around to pull down the shade in one of the Monterey coaches, "it's done, and there's no use making a fuss about it. Here I am, and happy. Ah," she sighed, "so happy! Dear Bill, I love him so, dear sweet boy. But anyway I wish papa knew about it. I think I'll write, and tell him all. Guess I won't—yes, I will—he can't kill me anyhow, and I will." She pencilled a hasty note, and addressed it to her father. Still holding the pencil in her hand, she absently gazed out upon the quickly passing scenery and thought.

"He has always been so good and kind to me," she mused half aloud. "Dorothy Thornburgh — Dorothy Beres——" she stopped to giggle—"Well, Dorothy Bereston, you're a wretch—but it was a good idea to write, for he will sort of make up his mind to it by the time we return. I know he will."

Judge Thornburgh recognized Dorothy's handwriting at once.

"What a dear girl she is after all!" he said tearing open the note, and placing his glasses upon his nose began to read. "What's this!" he fairly screamed, "what's this!" and reading the startling news to bewildered Aunt Sara, crumbled the note in his hand, and threw it with a mighty will upon the floor. "That's news for you."

"Well, well, who would have thought such a thing of our sweet Dorothy?" meekly exclaimed Aunt Sara.

"Our sweet Dorothy indeed!" with accents and look expressing more than words.

"Oh, well, Robert, there's no use. She's married, and it can't be undone. You know she has always been a self-willed girl, and it was very wrong of you to act so the other day."

"I do and speak as I wish in my own house, and as I have a right. That scoundrel! and as for Dorothy," his fist came down upon the table with a tremendous bang, "I have done with her. She is an ungrateful, selfish girl. I have done with her, done with her forever! She never need look on me and say 'father,' never again."

"Robert, what are you saying?"

"And if that Englishman thinks he can walk into this house and make it his home, he is mistaken. Or if Dorothy supposes that in time I will be fool enough to forgive and support them, I'll show her I will not; even if she is in want, I will not—never—never!"

Dorothy became indignant that she did not receive a response from her father, and that he would not bend to her will. She was married; what was to be done but grin and forgive? She was finding her dear husband's will and temper much like her own, and, sadder still, she already realized, as her father said of him, that he was a penniless masker. How convenient if papa would only forgive; but his heart was stone. The Englishman found in the stony heart of papa his fondest hopes blasted. They were now married three months and, owing to two separate wills and the taste of vinegared regret, had often quarrelled desperately. It was getting awful. Even Dorothy's own bank account was giving out, and over it she spent lonely and tearful days, her husband coming and going when he pleased. Bereston would be away from Dorothy days at a time with no explanation. So he went one day, and has never been seen since, leaving Dorothy penniless, penitent, and overcome with grief, Aunt Sara and Tessa alone to help and console her. She begged of her father forgiveness, but he would not even heed her or the ter-

rible wrong dealt her, so great was his anger toward his daughter. It was now over two months since Bereston had deserted her. Rosy-cheeked Dorothy had grown pale and thin, and upon a couch in a darkened room she spent her hastily wedded life, refusing even to speak.

"Robert," sorrowfully spoke Aunt Sara, "I must intercede again for Dorothy."

"I wish to hear nothing from her."

"Shame come to you! your child is very ill—how can you be so heartless?"

"Here is money, take it and use it for her comfort, but not in my house."

"How can you forbid her her own home?"

"Her home? No—she forsook her home, kindness, and every comfort for a wandering beggar. It was her choice."

"No matter, she is still your child, and it is still her home. She has a right to it, and in mercy's name I will bring her home. It's a shame—a shame!" she cried, hastily leaving the room with tears rolling down her cheeks. Robert Thornburgh only lightly treated Aunt Sara's grief. He knew through experience what an excellent actor Dorothy could be for sympathy.

Again Aunt Sara stood at the bedside of Dorothy, but her heart failed her; she was unable to speak as she looked at the wasted form of that once beautiful Dorothy. She left the room and burst into tears, at the thought of so brilliant a life perhaps ended because of a wilful child being tempted by a villain. She jerked her handkerchief over each eye and spoke to herself aloud: "That's what it is in allowing foreign and mutilated coin to enter into our household. Oh! if I had only known of this in time."

Three weeks after Aunt Sara had spoken to her father, she softly led him into the sick-room.

"Be soft, Robert, she is asleep now, and I would not for the world disturb her. The more sleep the little dear has the better, but come, you can look at her—see how thin and pale she is." Tender-hearted little Aunt Sara had to turn away.

Robert Thornburgh stepped up to the bedside, leaned low, and looked into the face of his child—he started and visibly trembling, looked closer. He hid his face in his hands, and wept like a child.

"O Robert, Robert!" cried Aunt Sara, rushing to his side, "come away, do not awaken her. It would be her death to awaken suddenly and see you standing there."

Deaf to her entreaties, he leaned over and again looked long into Dorothy's face; bent down and gently kissed her upon her brow, and quietly stepped from the room. He seemed but the withered form of that handsome and strong-charactered man, so suddenly had grief and repentance clutched him.

Dorothy was to be brought home that Sunday, and every comfort and good cheer was to be for her. Nothing should be denied, that she might again be the Dorothy that was.

Some time after Robert Thornburgh had gone, Aunt Sara returned to the sick-room with a cup of broth, Dorothy's only nourishment, and that had to be forced upon her. She would weakly resist until her now feeble body would fall back completely exhausted.

"Dorothy, Dorothy dearie," Aunt Sara called to the still form, and putting her hand on Dorothy's brow, a cold shudder darted through her body. She hastily put down the cup of broth and pulled back the curtains.

A terrible prolonged scream and a dull thud on the floor brought frightened Tessa rushing into the room to meet a horrible sight.

Dorothy's head had sunk back heavily among the pillows, and her beautiful features were set in death's calm slumber. Her young life had quietly, peacefully ebbed away, quite an hour since.

Questions of the Day.

THE CURRENCY QUESTION.

ANY inquiry concerning the currency must be historical, but we promise that our incursion into history shall be short, sharp, and to the point.

From 1066 to the eighteenth year of Edward III., 1345, England's coinage was solely silver. From 1345 to 1717 she had a bi-metallic system. From 1717 she became a gold-standard country. Gold is worth more in England than elsewhere, because England, not being a producer of gold, must get it in the way of trade from other countries. In order to draw gold in preference to silver the Bank of England in the seventeenth century, under the advice of no less a person than Sir Isaac Newton, who was Master of the Mint, increased the ratio of the value of gold over silver, so that gold was given a greater proportional paying power, thereby encouraging payments in gold. This movement forced a subsequent discountenancing of silver in all other commercial countries, and has resulted in a general demonetization of the white metal.

The Bank of England, by an act of Parliament, is authorized to pay for pure gold £3 17s. 9d. per ounce. An act of the United States Congress fixes the value in America of the British pound sterling at $4.86.95; at this rate the Bank of England pays for fine gold $18.90 per ounce, or 30 cents more than is paid by our Government.

On June 26th of the current year the Indian Government closed the mints of India to the free coinage of silver. The money of account of India is the silver "rupee." India being a British dependency, the par of exchange between London and Calcutta is based on the London "mint par," or gold valuation. This "mint par" is an *arbitrary constant* which is not affected by market fluctuations, and this constant furnishes a fixed point or gold standard level from which to measure the value of Indian currency in absolute terms. It is not necessary to enter into the question as to how the "mint par" of the gold valuation is obtained, but to state that it is 23.3625d. per rupee; the conventional par of 2s., or 48c. per rupee, however, is not far from this par, and is used in the government accounts of England and India.

Since 1870 silver has been depreciating in India. The Indian government, having about £16,000,000 per annum to pay in England, found the loss by exchange becoming more burdensome with every fresh fall in exchange, the effects on Indian finance being deplorable. In fact the lower the rate of exchange fell, the nearer the Indian government became to bankruptcy. The key-note of the present action, therefore, is rather to prevent a farther fall in exchange than to raise the value of the rupee, and is, doubtless, the preliminary step to introducing a gold standard into the country. The provisional ratio of value of the rupee is now 1s. 4d., or 32c., or 33.33 depreciation from par of 2s. per rupee. This rate of exchange is, presumably, the point of stability of the Indian government; at any rate it has been fixed high enough to relieve the government of its pressing necessities, while it is well within the limits of recent fluctuations, the rupee having at one time reached 8d., or 16c., or 66.67 per cent depreciation from par of 2s. per rupee.

The United States, being a silver as well

as a gold producing country, is necessarily affected by this action of the Indian government, as the recent slump in silver and the closing of a greater number of the western silver mines conclusively prove; and it now remains to be seen what move she will make on the financial chess-board. The exponent in India of government policy, Sir David Barbour, favors international bimetallism, and in the extreme case of silver being abandoned by this country, then he favors a gold standard. The United States Treasury now holds in its vaults, uncoined, 124,292,532 fine ounces of silver bullion, for which it paid $114,219,920, and is worth today, at the market price of silver, $103,411,386, thus showing a loss of $10,888,530. It is very evident that with every mint in the world, excepting that in Mexico, closed to silver, the United States, in a single-handed struggle, will not be able to maintain the value of silver.

It can thus be seen that any attempts to give money commodities—say rather circulating mediums—a fictitious value can only prove of temporary relief. Without doubt the policy of safety and advancement for ourselves is the policy which obtained from 1812 to 1860. No paper money ever issued by the Government of the United States, or by the government of Great Britain, when receivable in the revenues of the issuing government, and made legal tender in the payment of debts, has ever gone below coin in par value. England's latest attempt to bull the gold market of the world ought to be met by us with firm resistance, for in the words of Thomas Jefferson, before our financial policy became vaccinated with the virus of Wall Street, "Bank [national] currency must be suppressed and the circulation restored to the nation where it belongs."

It is of interest to recall at this time a pregnant sentence uttered by the great English statesman, Lord Chatham, the best friend American liberty ever had on the other side of the water: "If the Americans adopt our banking and funding system their liberties are gone."

E. R. ENDRES.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

LOVERS of an entertaining, yet equally healthy fiction have no reason to complain of the quantity or *quality* issued during the past few months. In fact it would be difficult, if possible at all, to recall a time within the past quarter of a century when the domain of fiction was enriched by the production of so many *exceptionally* good novels, especially in the same space of time. The quality of recent fiction has been of the very first order. This is a good sign: for, after all, what is it that can charm us more, that can so entertainingly instruct us, that can fill us with such lofty ideas as a *good* novel—one with a purpose, an aim; one to amuse as well as to instruct? During the past few months we have had, among many others, Howells' delightfully written "World of Chance;" [1] a credit to its author's genius, a brilliant piece of fiction, an excellent specimen of *ideal* realism. We read with much pleasure and profit Clara Louise Burnham's "Doctor Latimer," [2] one of those choice bits of character painting only found in the neighborhood of Casco Bay. The author of "Next Door" displays the same ability in the writing of "Doctor Latimer" tnat she did in her former pleasant stories.

Bret Harte gave us, and we cordially welcomed it, "Sally Dows," [3] and three other equally fascinating stories, written with the same charm, the same captivating pen that has given us so many, not too many, pleasant stories.

Margaret Deland, whose "John Ward, Preacher," was one of the best books of its kind ever written, gave us in "Mr. Tommy Dove" [1] and the four other companion stories a most clever and delightful exhibition of her portrait painting of the New England type of character: a character we regret to notice is too rapidly passing away, one that one never tires of meeting with.

Then again we were glad to receive from the author of that perfect little gem, "The Birds' Christmas Carol," a new volume of sketches. If that exquisite piece of fiction, "A Cathedral Courtship," [2] and the associate sketches which go to make up the volume is any criterion of what one may expect from Kate Douglas Wiggin, then she will be hailed in the literary world as an author of such rare ability as will give her a name and a lasting fame.

Then again that veteran of many triumphs in the field of literature, George MacDonald, carried us in his "Heather and Snow" [3] into that pleasant, poetic, and dreamy land of Scotland, and introduced us to a very poetic girl, who wields an influence for good over men and women. In this book we meet with the author's common-sense view of the influence of religion over humanity. The scene is transferred from Scotland to India at the time of the mutiny, and we find no dull line in the description of that interesting country during one of its most exciting periods.

When we read some few years ago "The Silence of Dean Maitland" and "In the Heart of the Storm," we laid them aside with much satisfaction, and awaited a new novel from the pen of Maxwell Gray; and so, when some days ago we received, and read with interest, "The Last Sentence," [4] we confess that we were *not disappointed*. In fact, we think it the best novel of the

[1] "The World of Chance." By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Bros.
[2] "Doctor Latimer." By Clara Louise Burnham. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
[3] "Sally Dows, and other Stories." By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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[3] "Heather and Snow." By George MacDonald. New York: Harper & Bros.
[4] "The Last Sentence." By Maxwell Gray. New York: Tait, Sons & Co.

last decade; we mean, of course, of that class of novels of which George Eliot was the chief among the many. There is a power about the book which seems to captivate us, in spite of what may seem to be too much of the atmosphere of sadness. If there is one fault with the book it is that there is too much of sorrow in its pages. Yet there are very many clever epigrams in the book; considerable of dramatic power, especially in the scene where final sentence is passed by Judge Marlowe. The book is the equal of "Adam Bede," and the cultivated readers of English fiction will welcome the book because it is indeed the work of a well-trained genius. Maxwell Gray is indeed a novelist worthy of much praise—worthy of being widely read.

Our enjoyment of "Sherlock Holmes" was of such a character as to make us yearn for anything which Conan Doyle would give us. And so, when we read "The Great Shadow,"[1] we could say but one thing: Clever, clever, *very* clever!

Conan Doyle has every indication of taking a very high place in the world's literature as a writer of originality and brilliant execution.

If Rudyard Kipling was at any time a fad he has ceased to be one, and his last volume, "Many Inventions,"[2] sustains in every respect the author's reputation for originality of creation, for a descriptive power unapproached by any living author, a delicious humor, which is never coarse but always pleasantly free and easy, and for a wonderful insight into human nature.

Kipling stands to-day as the best character painter of his time, and in his new volume, especially in the story of "My Lord the Elephant," displays a skill unequalled in the art of delineating character. Kipling is indeed a realist of the first order. The study of Indian life shows a painstaking labor in the very heart of the cities of the Indian Empire. Kipling in this volume shows himself a master in the art of making every detail intensely interesting. The volume of stories varies so much that we seem to leave one story to read a better and a different one. We wonder if this genius will not soon claim, and a just claim at that, enough attention from the literary world to deserve the name of the Anglo-Indian Dickens. No writer of our time possesses the storehouse of excellent materials, no author the genius for utilizing the same.

Then again, we welcomed Marion Crawford's "Pietro Ghislero,"[3] which, by the way, should have been named Laura, and we found the same fascinating story-teller. We were glad to breathe in the delightful atmosphere of modern Rome, and meet the society which Crawford alone could make so pleasant to meet. The author of "Mr. Isaacs," "A Roman Singer," etc., etc., always writes an excellent book, and each one seems better than the other.

But enough. We have had other good works of fiction. Suffice it to say, however, that the fiction of the past few months has been of an unusually high order, the authors of which should receive the thanks of a thoroughly appreciative reading public.

* * * * *

In the above brief *résumé* of recent fiction, it will be observed that five of the books referred to are volumes of short stories. Three of them were written by American and two by English authors.

In this connection the thought suggests itself as to the coming American novel. As a nation we have had no really national novel. Our great American novels have had only a local coloring. They have been sectional. For instance, Hawthorne gave us the New England type of character. Bret Harte the Western; Charles E. Craddock that of the type living in the Tennessee mountains; Page and Cable Southern types of life and character; Richard Harding Davis, as in his clever "Gallagher," that character alone found in the American city; and so we could enumerate. Now, with these different types of character being rapidly eliminated from our life, and the steadily increasing cosmopolitan character, is the time not nearly at hand when we can greet the *first* American novel?

Surely, we have the authors! We have to-day more writers of promise than we have ever had before—writers whose present work should be an omen of a grand final success in the future.

* * * * *

"Americans in Europe"[1] is the striking title of a book whose first edition was exhausted on the day of its publication. Such a prominent title deserved the name of its author, but when we looked at the title-page we found that it was "by one of them;" when we finished it we knew that he was an unusually *aggressive* one! and yet perfectly honest and thoroughly earnest in his denunciation of the practices of some of our American friends when they cross the Atlantic. The author points out in a very skilful manner the temptations to which our young men and women are exposed, especially in Paris, where they go to study art and music. The book is a brilliant yet caustic review of some of our representatives abroad, who instead of being *American* became un-American—Americans who misrepresented their own country by trying to be something else besides American.

[1] "The Great Shadow." By Conan Doyle. New York. Harper & Bros.
[2] "Many Inventions." By Rudyard Kipling. New York: D. Appleton & Co.
[3] "Pietro Ghislero." By Marion Crawford. New York: MacMillan & Co.

[1] "Americans in Europe." By One of Them. New York: Tait, Sons & Co.

This book should be in the hands of every young man and woman who contemplates going abroad. One will be a better American after its perusal.

* * * * *

Unquestionably the literary event of the year is the publication of Gen. Lew Wallace's new novel, "The Prince of India, or How Constantinople Fell."[1] The author has been at work for many years gathering materials for the work, and now that the work is completed there is every reason to believe that it will meet with a most cordial reception. As we have received the book on the eve of going to press, we will reserve our review of it until some future issue.

* * * * *

One of the most charming little volumes which has come to our notice is the volume, "Other Essays from the Easy Chair,"[2] by that prince of men, that most delightful of writers, George William Curtis. There is a charm about the book that does not permit us to think that they were written years ago, but they seem as fresh as if the hand that penned them had just given them to us. Curtis is no more, but it will be many years before he and his "Easy Chair" are forgotten.

* * * * *

The author of "The Leavenworth Case," the best detective story written in America, has written a book which adds to her reputation as a brilliant writer of detective stories. "Marked Personal"[3] is intensely interesting; from cover to cover one never loses a line, but follows on and on until the end is reached. Through intrigue and entangling alliances one is brought to the end of the volume, and leaves it with the satisfaction of having read a most interesting book.

* * * * *

Visitors to that nineteenth century wonder, the World's Fair, will be greatly aided in seeing and appreciating the sights of that remarkable institution by taking with them "A Week at the Fair,"[4] a profusely illustrated volume concerning important matters connected with the exposition. The articles in the volume were especially prepared for it, and give it a special value.

* * * * *

"How to Know the Wild Flowers"[1] is something which all lovers of nature and its beauties should know. It has always been a surprise to us that never before had there been issued a practical guide to the study of our common flowers, and yet thousands each year have gone into the field to admire, if not to pluck, our beautiful flowers, knowing not their name nor anything about them. This volume by Mrs. Dana supplies a long-felt want, for it gives the names, habits, and haunts of our common flowers. The volume is fully illustrated and well written.

* * * * *

Some days ago the writer, in going into one of New York's largest dry-goods stores, noticed at the book-counter a large pile of very neatly bound books with this sign attached: "'Reveries of a Bachelor,' reduced to fourteen cents;" and next to the pile was an equally large one, with the sign: "'Dream Life,' reduced to fourteen cents." Looking into the pages of the books we were surprised to notice how well printed the books were. The binding, that of white and green, was not only tasty but durable. Here, then, were two of the most delightful books in any literature—two of the most helpful books ever reached—placed within the range of the poorest of the poor. This is truly a wonderful age in the art of printing cheap books.

* * * * *

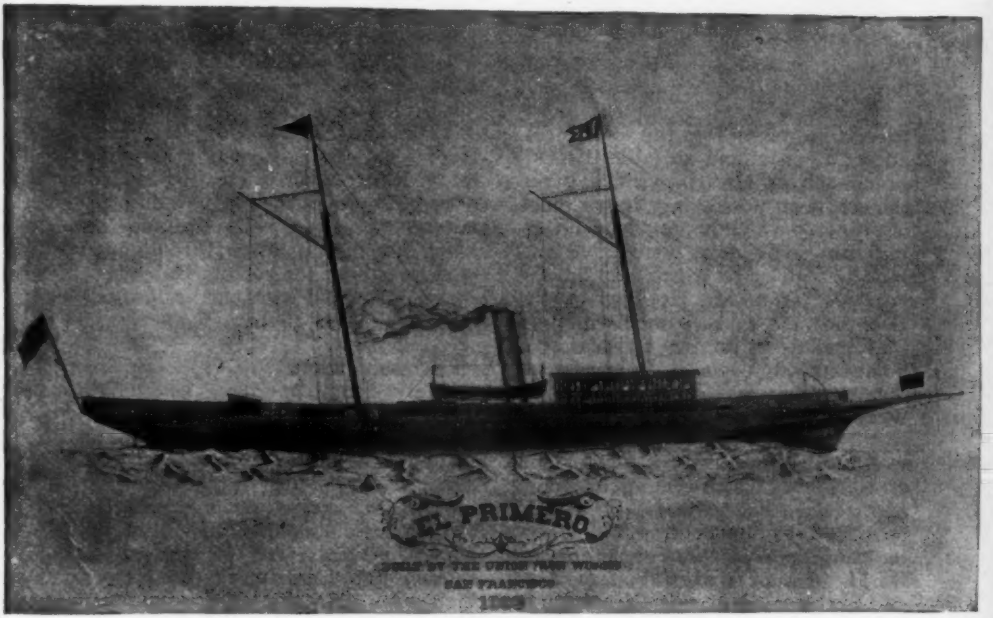
Mrs. Grant, wife of our illustrious ex-President, has just finished the manuscript of her recollections of the late beloved hero. There is every reason to believe that the book will be a noteworthy contribution to the history of a remarkable man, who exercised a wonderful influence in shaping the destiny of our republic. We await with much pleasure the publication of this book, for we understand that there will be told for the first time considerable about the General, especially after he became President of the United States.

[1] "The Prince of India." By Lew Wallace. New York: Harper & Bros.
[2] "Other Essays from the Easy Chair." By Geo. Wm. Curtis. New York: Harper & Bros.
[3] "Marked Personal." By Anna K. Green. New York: Putnam's Sons.
[4] "A Week at the Fair." Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

[1] "How to Know the Wild Flowers." By Mrs. Wm. S. Dana. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

EL PRIMERO.

ON Saturday, August 5th, 1893, the citizens of San Francisco, especially those who take an interest in the exciting and fascinating sport of yachting, looked out upon the bay with feelings akin to pride, for on its surface floated *El Primero*," as her name implies, the honor of having been the first to introduce this luxurious method of travel and recreation upon the waters of the Pacific, which to the owner of a seaworthy steam yacht offers an unequalled and extensive field for the gratification of the most enthusiastic and exacting seeker after new



EL PRIMERO.

first steam steel yacht built on the Pacific Coast, perfect in every outline, graceful as a swan, and surrounded by a fleet of pleasure-sailing craft, all decked out in their gayest colors, and their decks crowded with guests.

When future annals of yachting and yacht clubs in San Francisco are written they will record the fact that to E. W. Hopkins belongs the wonders and scenes, where nature can be viewed in her grandest aspect.

Down the coast of California past Monterey Bay and Santa Cruz, on to Santa Barbara and San Pedro, the harbor of Los Angeles and the landlocked bay of San Diego, then farther still along the Mexican ocean line, or going in the opposite direction north through the calm and placid water-ways of Puget Sound to the

Land of the Midnight Sun, Alaska, whose scenic grandeur throws into the shade even the far-famed wonders of Switzerland, the glaciers glittering in the sun being unapproachable in size and beauty, while the waters abound in the choicest varieties of fish, which afford not only sport to the angler but a delicious addition to the table. Each day passed in these waveless waters on a steam yacht may be filled with novelties and surprises which admit of no *ennui*, and awaken interest in the oldest traveller.

The luxury of a steam steel yacht is expensive, and can only be indulged in by the fortunate possessor of great wealth, but to a man of appreciative taste for the beautiful, and of a genial and sociable disposition, such as Mr. Hopkins is given the credit of possessing, it is a piece of property which is capable of bringing him some new, instructive, and innocent pleasure every day in the year. It is to Mr. Hopkins' credit, also, that *El Primero* is distinctly a Californian yacht, the product of home industry, built, finished, and furnished at the Union Iron Works, where it has been proved to the world that as strong, serviceable, well-built, and speedy war-ships and cruisers, as well as merchantmen and steel yachts, can be built as it is possible to launch from any ship-building dock in this country or the world. Honor to whom honor is due, and to the head of these iron works is great honor due from every citizen of San Francisco and the State of California, for his noble enterprise which has been serviceable and successful in building up such a mammoth industry.

The dimensions of *El Primero* are: Length over all, 137 feet; beam, 18; depth, 8.6; mean draft, 4.8; registered tonnage, gross, 102.99 tons; net, 73.48; displacement, 70 tons. She will draw only 4 feet of water at the bow, and less than 5 feet 10 inches at the stern. The engines are triple expansion of 225 horse-power. She is manned by a crew of six, and has a speed of fifteen miles an hour. The interior is finished nearly entirely with teak and prima-vera, or white mahogany, as the latter wood is sometimes called. The deck is flush fore and aft, with the exception of a house about the foremast; in this is the pilot-house, and a dining-saloon. The forward and after part of the deck is covered with a canvas canopy, as a protection against a hot sun. The dining-saloon is eight by thirteen feet and can be converted into a social hall or card-room when desired. It is connected with the kitchen or galley underneath by a dumb-waiter. Electric bells furnish a means of communication throughout every quarter of the yacht. The forecastle is provided with berths for six persons, and has plenty of room for more.

The main cabin is a little aft of amidships, and has two sleeping-rooms, which are large and fitted with every modern convenience. The cabin is thirteen feet long, and has an average width of ten feet. A handsome bookcase forms a part of the furniture, and on both sides are cushioned seats. Aft of the cabin are two state-rooms containing two berths each. In the stern is a state-room similar to that in the bow. Every particle of available space has been utilized to secure the greatest degree of comfort and elegance combined, and the result has been that *El Primero* is a miniature floating palace, which should be, and no doubt is, a source of pride and satisfaction both to her builders and owner.

AT THE WHARVES.

THE CITY OF STOCKTON.

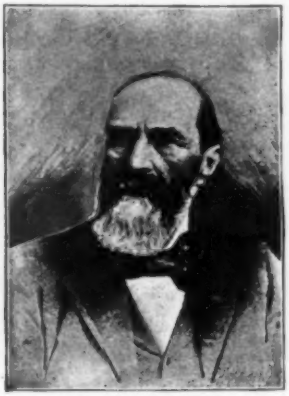
BY F. J. RYAN.

THE history of Stockton has been often written, and each historian has treated it from a different motive, and from a different point of view. The history of George H. Tinkham is the best work on the subject, but it is too voluminous and goes into too many details that interest only the resident, and especially the old residents, to make it available to the writer for the general public. Every one who has written on the subject has laid it under contribution, however, and it is the principal basis of so much of this as relates to the early history of the city. Much, however, has been gleaned from a perusal of the history of the town as it is contained in the papers published in the city from its foundation.

Stockton is situated at the head of tide-water navigation on the San Joaquin river system, on an arm of that river, three miles from the main channel. It is located on what was known as the Rancho del Campo de los Franceses (the ranch of the French Camp) which was granted by the Mexican government to Captain Charles M. Weber, and the grant was subsequently confirmed by the United States. The American patent was signed by President Lincoln and is the first land patent that received his signature.

Charles M. Weber arrived in California in 1841, and in what is now Stockton in 1842, after having fought under Houston for Mexican independence. He was a German by birth, a man of strong will and adventurous spirit who left his native country in youth, and became thoroughly cosmopolitan before he had grown a beard. His liberality was broad, and his enterprise was unlimited. After pursuing the cattle business, which was the chief resource before

the discovery of gold, he tried mining, milling, and merchandizing in their turn, and though successful in



R. E. WILHOIT,
Pres't Board of Education.

each, relinquished all to develop Stockton, which he plainly foresaw would become one of the most important towns of California. He laid out the city which he at first called Tuleburg, but subsequently changed the name to Stockton, in compliment to Commodore Stockton, who had taken great interest in the place and promised to secure government aid in improving its harbor, a promise he was unable to fulfil.

With the discovery of gold, Stockton's real history begins. It was the principal outfitting point for the northern mines, and a city sprang up in a few weeks. It was a city of tents principally, but a busy place from which immense trains of wagons drawn by long strings of mules wended their way eastward and northward into the mines with supplies. Early in the history of Stockton, large numbers of sloops and schooners and nearly a dozen steamers navigated the San Joaquin, and brought supplies and people to Stockton, and took away the products of the mines and the ranges.

As the town grew, it became more substantial. Houses of wood and adobe arose, and Captain Weber was among the first builders. For his first frame house he paid a dollar per superficial foot for the lumber; carpenters were paid $10 a day, and everything that entered into the building cost him in proportion to those prices. He was liberal to settlers who were businesslike, and gave away many good building-lots to those who seemed likely to become useful citizens, and as the city developed he devoted a large number of blocks of ground for public uses. Thus the county of San Joaquin acquired its court-house square, the city its numerous beautiful little parks, and the people their first cemeteries.

By 1850, Stockton had assumed urban form. Frame buildings became numerous, the lumber for most of them being brought from the Atlantic coast around Cape Horn. As in all frontier towns, the saloon, the gambling-house, the livery stable, and the hotel were the pioneer structures. In those early days too, the pioneer residents were largely composed of reckless men who appealed to arms on very slight provocation, and bloodshed over gaming, drinking, and the

GEORGE C. TURNER,
Board of Education.

smiles of women as reckless as the men were as common as tradition makes them in other California towns

or camps of that day. Stockton was, however, a business place from its foundation. From its principal hotel for many years long lines of stages set out every morning for Sacramento and the northern mines, for Sonora and the Tuolumne mines; for San Andreas, Angel's Camp, Murphy's, and the Calaveras mines; for Mariposa and the Stanislaus, and in fact for all parts of the State where mining was conducted.

H. C. HOLMAN,
Board of Education.

On August 1st, 1850, the first municipal election was held under a decree of the district court, in which the population of the city was stated at 2,000. At that election the officers chosen were: Samuel Purdy, mayor; C. M. Weber, W. H. Robinson, J. W. Reins, James Warner, B. F. Whittier, Hiram Green, and George A. Shurtleff, aldermen; A. C. Bradford, clerk; G. D. Brush, treasurer; C. J. Edmonson, assessor; W. H. Willoughby, marshal; H. A. Crabb, attorney; F. C. Andrew, harbor master, and Walter Heron, recorder.

C. M. KENISTON,
Board of Education.

Stockton's prosperity was not without checks. A disastrous fire occurred in December, 1849, and swept most of its fragile business houses away, entailing a loss of $200,000. That winter was very rainy, and business was stagnant, because intercourse with the mines was rendered impossible, the soft adobe soil being saturated, making the trails impassable. This stagnation was aggravated by the necessities of the San Francisco creditors of Stockton merchants. The historical fire of 1849 in that city had borne hard on its merchants, who bore hard on their debtors in turn, and some Stockton merchants were crowded out of business.

Business recovered rapidly with the return of spring, and February, 1850, saw thirty-four mercantile houses flourishing. Manufactures, which have since distinguished Stockton beyond all other Californian cities, began that year. The first goods manufactured were crackers. They were made from imported flour, in a city whose present annual output of flour is worth $5,250,000. Boat-building was the next important industry. The first boat was built in 1850 by S. H. Davis. It was, of course, small and would count for little to-day, but its building was an event to be appreciated then. This branch of industry has continued and grown until now large steamboats, barges, sailing craft and pleasure-boats are built every year. In

L. M. CUTTING.
Board of Education.

1850 also brick-making began, and the next year a brewery was built, and the first wagon was made in Stockton. Mining tools were made in that year, and until the business of mining was wholly changed.

In 1853 Jacob C. Wagner started a small tannery. Hides were a drug in the market and cost him but a trifle. This was his chief advantage, and the next was the ready sale of leather, but his appliances for tanning and finishing were necessarily crude and inconvenient. He persevered, however, and from his small beginning has grown the Pacific tannery, which in 1892 produced $234,000 worth of leather.

Imported flour was not long used in Stockton, for in 1852 a mill was built by Austin Sperry and S. M. Baldwin, out of which has been evolved the present Sperry mill, whose annual product is worth more than two millions of dollars. In 1883 the Crown mills were erected, by which the product of flour was doubled, and in 1891 the Union mill, with a like capacity, was finished, so that now Stockton's flour-producing capacity is 6,000 barrels a day and the value of its actual product of mill stuffs for 1892 was $5,250,000. Beside these three large mills, the Aurora mills do a custom business of 200 barrels a day.

Next to its mills in point of magnitude are Stockton's combined harvester works. These are five in number, from which in 1892 were turned out 379 of these massive machines, which go into a field of standing grain, cut, thresh, clean, and separate it, and leave behind them a trail of straw on one side and a trail of sacked grain upon the other. These massive machines, drawn by from twenty to twenty-six horses, cut and thresh the grain as rapidly as the ordinary reapers of the prairie States cut and bind it. Their employment in the great grain fields of the San Joaquin valley is made especially desirable by the absence of rain during the summer and the exemption from gales that in some regions would thresh out the dried grain, if it were left in the field uncut until fit to be threshed.

The combined harvester is a Stockton invention. Crude machines have been made in other regions before the Stockton machine was perfected, but it remained for J. C. Houser of this city to make a harvester that did the work satisfactorily. The first of these machines was built in 1865, and its first successful trial was made the following year. The next year three machines were turned out, and the production was increased every year, except one of great depression in business, until the year 1893 will find Stockton's product reaching the number of 450.

While flour and combined harvesting machines rank as leading industries in Stockton, they are by no means its only manufactures. There are besides six or eight branches of manufacture that are not common to Californian cities. They employ an army of 1,300 operatives to whom they pay over $1,000,000 annually, and a large proportion of the earnings are invested in home-building. The result is that Stockton's bread-winners are largely also home-owners, and the proportion of pretty cottages and even more pretentious residences owned by wage-workers in this city is hardly exceeded in any city of the United States.

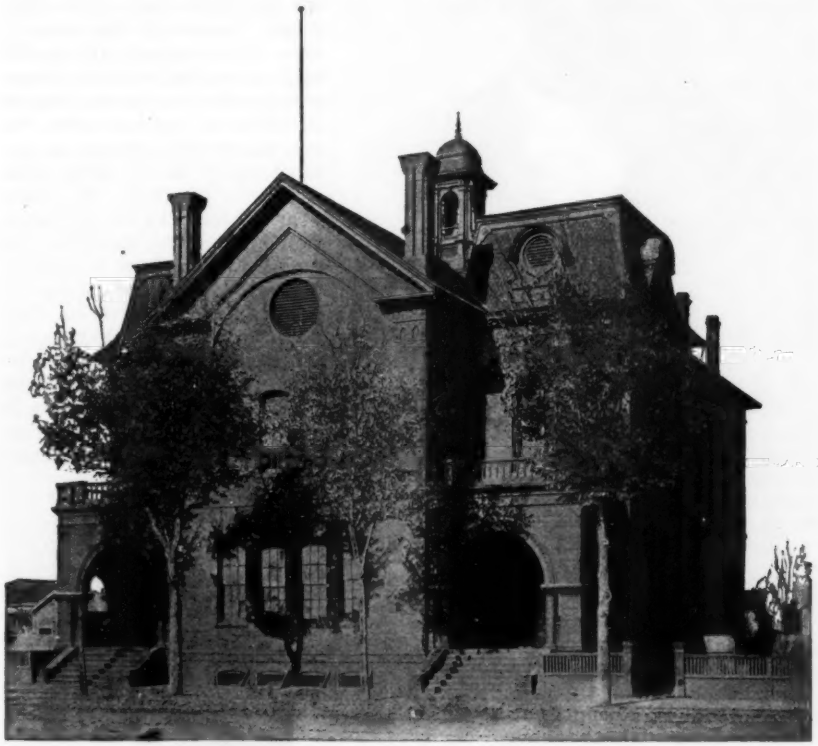
The paper mill is the largest of the industries not previously mentioned. It gives employment to eighty-five persons and its annual product, principally "news" paper, is worth $250,000. Nearly equal in order is the woollen mill with its ninety employees, principally women and girls, and its output of blankets, flannels, etc., worth $250,000 per year. Three wagon and carriage factories, with seventy employees, produce $125,000 a year; two foundries with sixty men produce $125,000 worth of machinery; the terra-cotta works with twenty men

make $35,000 worth of sewer pipe, building material, and plumber's white ware. Five planing mills are kept busy on building work, and their combined product in 1892 was worth $600,000.

Another branch of manufacturing, to which Stockton may lay exclusive claim, is that of "buhach." That is

troduced mainly through the energy and enterprise of Joseph D. Peters, who is president of the company, and is also one of the foremost of Stockton's business men.

Stockton is not noted as a wine-producing point, yet it has its El Pinal vineyard and winery, which, with one small winery, produces

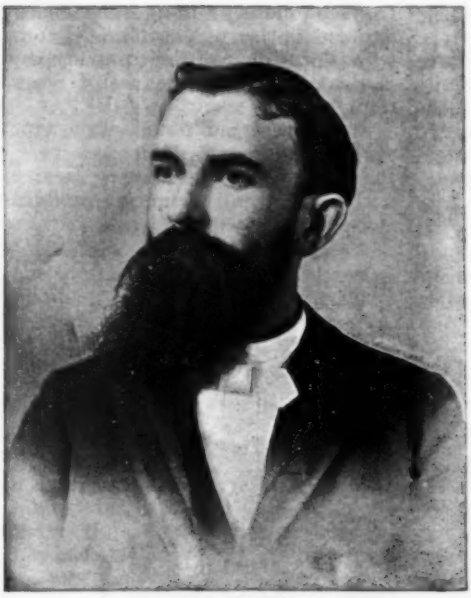


THE STOCKTON SCHOOL HOUSE.

the trade-mark name of the insect poison made from the pyrethrum plant, Stockton having the only mill in the United States for grinding the flowers of that plant, which is grown on the plantation of the Buhach Company in Merced County, the only place in the United States where it has been found to flourish in perfection. This novel industry was in-

$175,000 worth of wine and brandy annually.

Brick is another leading article of Stockton manufacture. It is made by the San Joaquin Brick Company. The peculiar feature of this establishment is its kiln, which is kept constantly burning. This is accomplished by what is known as the downward draft. The kiln is divided



JAS. A. BARR,
Superintendent of Schools.

into many compartments, two of which are always open. One of these is receiving the unbaked brick, the other is being emptied of those that have been burned, while all of the remainder are in the various stages of being heated, burned, or cooled off. The fires are fed from the top through four-inch flues with fine slack coal which is poured into the flues with a grocer's scoop, about eight ounces at a time, and the fire kept increasing in intensity until the desired temperature is reached, when the brick are allowed to gradually cool. The value of the product of this industry in 1892 was $50,000, and it will be greatly increased in a few years.

Add to the figures here given the miscellaneous manufactures such as are common to most cities of 18,000 inhabitants, and the value of Stockton's manufactures for 1892 will approach very closely to $10,000,000.

While Stockton people are proud of their manufactures and cherish them, they are also proud of their public schools. Very early in the history of the city provision was made for the education of its children. Some of the schools were ill-furnished, the buildings were bad, and the apparatus crude, but great interest in them is apparent from the articles on the subject in the newspapers of the first years in the city's history. For some years there was no organization among the teachers and no official standard of qualifications, but the schools seem not to have suffered on that account. The rush to the gold mines brought many who became tired of mining, and some, having been teachers in the East, resumed that occupation here. Among the families who came

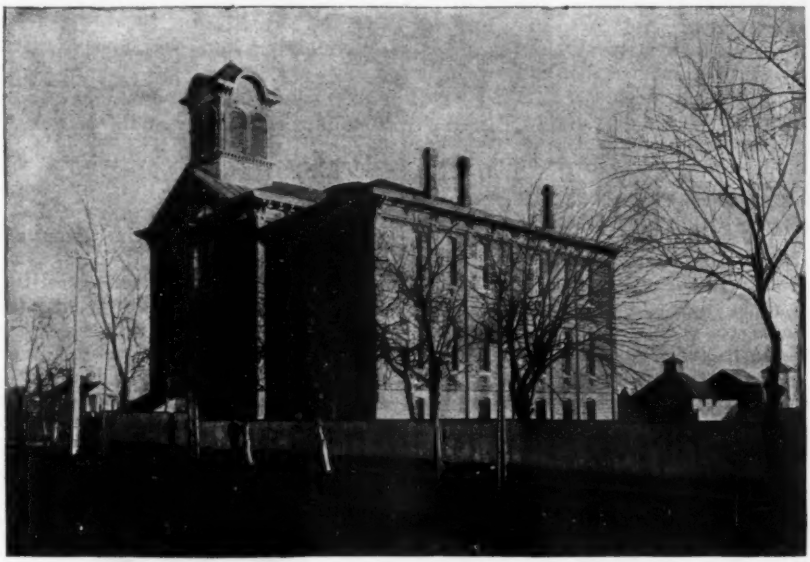
W. C. RAMSEY,
Proprietor Business College.

were many ladies who had been trained to teach, and these were added to the corps as time demanded and the financial ability of the city permitted. Among those who were teachers in Stockton was Thomas B. Reed, who has since become famous as Speaker of the National House of Representatives, though his work was in a private academy over which presided the man who was for some years superintendent of San Joaquin County's schools.

From small and inadequate beginnings, in rude and leaky buildings, the school establishment of Stockton has grown, until there are now eleven school buildings, only three of which are of wood. In these are employed fifty-one teachers, and the average daily attendance for November, 1892, was 2,144, on an enrolment of 2,432, while the school census of that year gave the number of children of school age as 3,120.

The average pay of the male teacher was, in 1892, $1,280, and of the females $810; but that of the male teachers for 1893 has been increased nearly $100 per year. Teachers are selected for their merits alone, and though the political "pull" may have been potent in the past, it is unknown now.

The schools are managed by a board of five directors elected by the people. The superintendent is chosen by the board, though the office until recently was elective. The present superintendent, James A. Barr, has held the position not quite two years, but in that time has effected many improvements in school work. He recognizes that the schools are not perfect, though they deservedly rank among the best in the State, and he is laboring to make them as nearly perfect as possible.



THE SOUTH SCHOOL.

Mr. Barr is a native of Kentucky, but has resided in California nearly twenty years, or ever since he was about nine years old, and is hence a

real Californian. His education was received principally in the Stockton public schools, though after his graduation at the high school he took a course at the Stockton Business College. After teaching in country schools two or three terms, he was appointed principal of the Jefferson School in this city, and after holding that position several years was in 1891 chosen superintendent. Mr. Barr is still a student. His experience as a teacher showed him that much improvement could be made in the methods pursued in this city, and he has devoted a large proportion of his time since he has been superintendent to the improvement of the system.

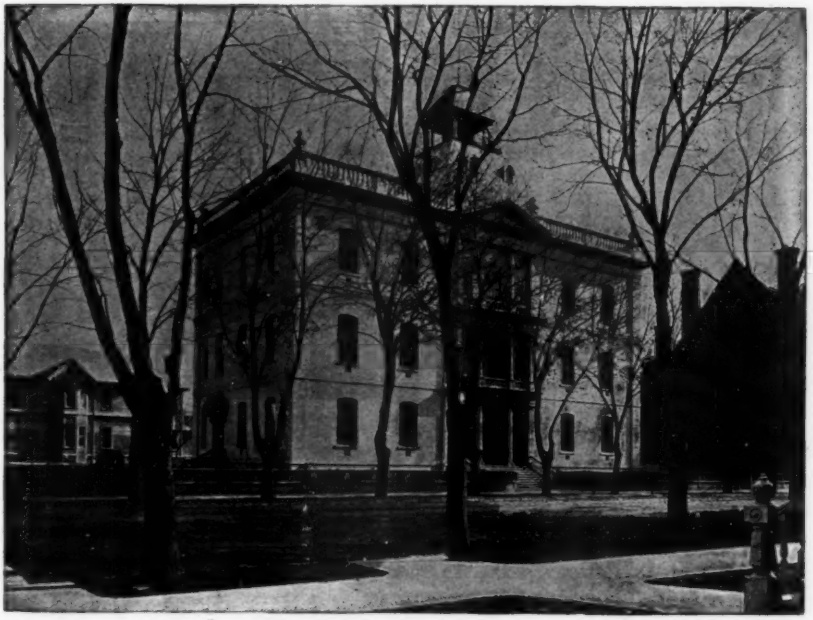
For this purpose he has carefully studied the methods pursued elsewhere, and, taking the best in each, is laboring to engraft the improvements on the system here. Two years are not a sufficient time in which to accomplish all he desires, but even in that time great improvement has been made. He reads closely all the criticisms on the public schools here and elsewhere, and seeks to profit by them. Neither given to fads nor devoted to established customs, he does not rashly embrace innovations or cling to forms simply because they have the negative approval of long use. During his superintendency, there has been a notable increase in the attendance as compared with the enrolment, a still more notable increase in punctuality, and a consequent increase in the proportion of the school fund received by the schools under his charge.

Through his efforts Stockton was largely represented at the annual convention of the California Teachers' Association last December in Fresno. This was the first time Stockton had appeared prominently in the meetings of that association. So favorable a showing did the Stockton teachers make in that convention that this city was unanimously chosen as the place of holding the next session, in December of this year.

The details of school work in Stockton would be uninteresting to the general reader, and are therefore omitted. It must suffice to say that Superintendent Barr regards teaching both as a business and a high profession. While fully appreciating the sacredness of the teacher's charge, he also appreciates the necessity of giving close attention to the business of education and is not satisfied to allow the schools to "run themselves." Being a man of calm and judicial temper, he proceeds with deliberation but persistency, and if some popular freak does not cause a radical change in the board of trustees, he will be long retained in his position to continue the excellent work he has begun.

On the southeast corner of California and Channel Streets is situated an educational institution second to none of its kind—the Stockton Business College. Mr. W. C. Ramsey is the principal and proprietor of it, and under his able management and di-

STOCKTON BUSINESS COLLEGE.



THE HIGH SCHOOL.

rection it has been raised to the highest standard of excellence hitherto reached by similar institutions.

Mr. Ramsey is one of those self-made men whose elevation by their own exertion marks them as possessed of exceptionally high qualities, and of energy and determination rising above the general plane. Born in central Illinois, and left an orphan at an early age, he worked on a farm during the summer and attended school in the winter. Such was his economy that he saved sufficient means to enable him to finish his education at the State Normal University of Illinois, graduating from that institution in 1873. In 1879 he came to California, and in 1881 was engaged as a teacher in Stockton Business College, which had then been established six years. He became proprietor of the institution in 1886, at which time there were but eleven pupils enrolled; during the past year there were over 700 students. Twelve teachers are employed in this college—persons of experience and ability, who combine courteous treatment with firm discipline. Mr. Ramsey's long experience of nineteen years in the profession has taught him what constitutes success in a teacher, and he surrounds himself with men of worth and capability. The courses of the school are thorough and comprehensive. In the theoretical department, which includes pupils from those who are just learning to read and write to graduates from the high school, the student decides for himself how much he learns, the work being for the most part individual, without the incentive of competition. The most interesting department is the Actual Business or Practical Department, in which two banks are established, doing business with one another as if they were in cities far distant from each other.

THE COURT-HOUSE.

The pupils are supplied with all the requisites for such a business, a good representation of money, drafts, checks, notes, mortgages, deeds, due bills, etc., being in full supply. Then there is the Shorthand and Typewriting Department, and lastly the Normal or Teachers' Department, where about one hundred students are being prepared for the educational profession. The courses are all elective, and a pupil may select such and as many studies as he may choose.

In the matter of churches, Stockton is as well provided as in the matter of schools. There are now twenty-three houses of worship in the city and twenty-six religious organizations, exclusive of those auxiliary to the churches. Until recently the church architecture of the city was rather antiquated, as much of it still is. Within a few years, however, the principal Methodist congregation erected a magnificent church edifice at a cost of nearly $60,000, and St. John's Episcopal parish erected a handsome new church at a cost of nearly $30,000. St. Mary's Catholic church has recently been remodelled and improved at a cost of $10,000, and within three years five small churches have been built to accommodate the people in rapidly growing suburbs, and in those districts within the city which are rapidly being filled with residences.

Among the public buildings of the city, the Court-house stands pre-eminent. It is a magnificent granite pile erected at a cost of $260,000, and is a spacious and commodious edifice in which are all the county and city offices. It is furnished with the best and most improved modern furniture and office fittings, fireproof vaults, and conveniences for transacting public business. The court-rooms are spacious, and the judge's chambers conveniently situated for those having business therein, and the rooms are heated and lighted with natural gas, furnished by a well sunk by the county on the lot whereon the jail is situated. The Court-house is 156 feet long and 126 feet wide, and stands in the centre of a block 300 feet square. It is surmounted by a dome 172 feet high, on which stands a colossal statue of the Goddess of Justice. From the dome a fine view of the surrounding country and its farms, fields, vineyards, and orchards can be had. On the east the Sierra Nevada mountains bound the landscape, on the south is the vast San Joaquin valley, on the west the Coast range, and on the north the view is limited by the scattered oaks and other forest trees which from that height and distance appear like a forest.

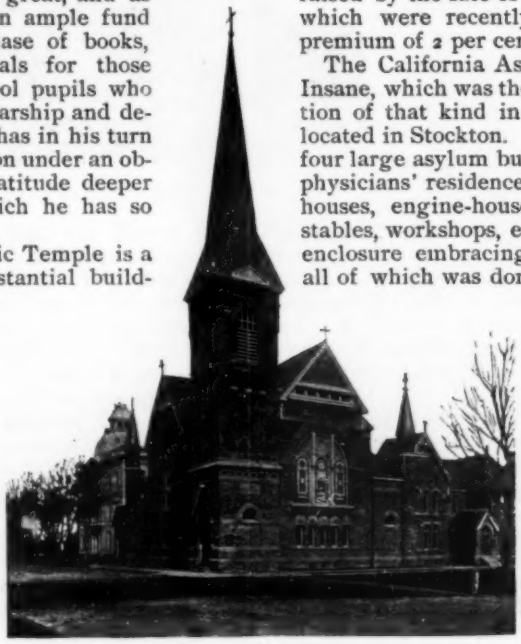
THE COUNTY JAIL.

One square north of the Court-house on San Joaquin Street is the new jail, a handsome red brick structure with stone trimmings, which, were it not for the steel gratings at the windows, would not be recognized as a prison. It is within two squares of the business centre, and, instead of being regarded as damaging to the surrounding property, is admired as an improvement.

On the block next south from the

Court-house is the Free Public Library building, a small building of granite of modest design, which was erected in 1889, and is soon to be incorporated in a building that will cover an area of 150 by 100 feet, designs for which have been prepared and accepted. The new building will be a work of architectural art of which any city of double the size of Stockton could well be proud. The present building was erected from a fund the nucleus for which was a donation of $5,000 by Frank Stewart, a pioneer business man of the city, and the new will be paid for out of $75,000 bequeathed by Dr. W. P. Hazelton, a pioneer dentist of this city, who died in 1890 in Tarrytown, N. Y. Dr. Hazelton accumulated his first capital in Stockton, and when he had become wealthy determined to testify his gratitude to its people for the encouragement he received here. The bequest shows that his gratitude was great, and as he also left an ample fund for the purchase of books, and for medals for those grammar-school pupils who excel in scholarship and deportment, he has in his turn placed Stockton under an obligation of gratitude deeper than that which he has so richly repaid.

The Masonic Temple is a plain but substantial building that occupies a half-block. It is of brick with stone trimmings, three stories high, and contains a music hall, several lodge rooms, and other assembly rooms, on the upper floors, and on the first floor is the post office, stores, offices, etc.

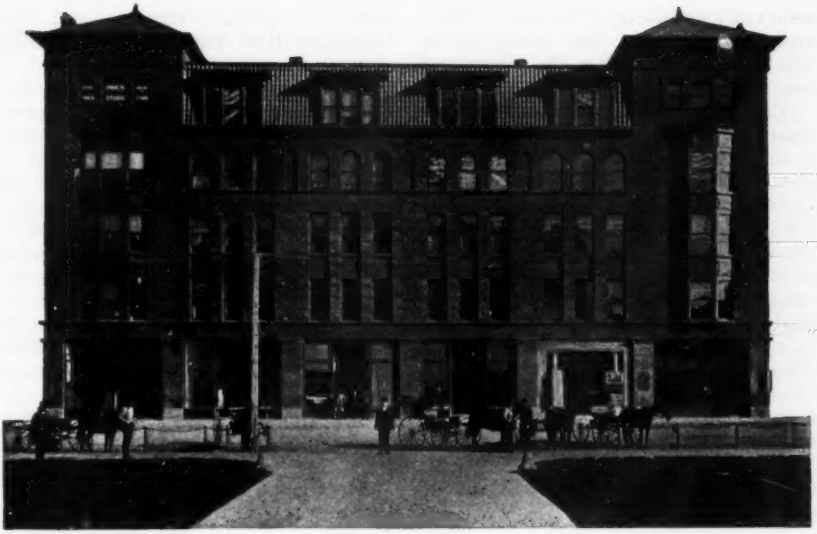


THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The post office will not long remain in the Masonic Temple, however, for the United States has purchased a site on the southeast corner of California and Market Streets, on which will be erected a building to contain all the Federal offices located here. The appropriation for the purpose is only $75,000, which, after the price of the site is deducted, is inadequate to the purpose of putting up a becoming structure, and Congress should appropriate an additional sum sufficient to erect a building worth $75,000.

The County Hospital, a frame building just outside the eastern border of the city, was destroyed by fire in the fall of 1892, and will be replaced by a handsome brick building sufficient to house 250 inmates. The means for that purpose were raised by the sale of county bonds which were recently taken at a premium of 2 per cent.

The California Asylum for the Insane, which was the first institution of that kind in the State, is located in Stockton. It consists of four large asylum buildings, three physicians' residences, with storehouses, engine-houses, laundries, stables, workshops, etc., within an enclosure embracing sixty acres, all of which was donated by Captain Weber, whose liberality was almost unlimited. A detailed description of the buildings and grounds would be too long for such an article as this, and this brief out-



YOSEMITE THEATRE BUILDING.

line must suffice. Within the enclosure are three natural gas wells, one of which supplies all the gas needed for fuel in the laundry, and another is being sunk which will be sufficient to supply fuel and light for the whole institution. The first, which was sunk for water, yields but a small supply of gas, which is not utilized, but the water of both the completed wells is used for irrigating the gardens within the grounds. The cost of the asylum buildings was about $503,000, and they are sufficient for the accommodation of about 2,000 patients.

The Yosemite Theatre has been built by a company which was incorporated on June 1st, 1891. Ground for the building was broken on August 15th. The structure, which is of the finest red pressed brick with terra-cotta trimmings, covers an area of 150 feet square. It is in the form of an H. The theatre and the office building are separate. They are divided by a lighted court ten feet wide, on each side of which are brick walls and iron doors.

The entire main entrance, including the box-office lobby, is finished with marble wainscoting, imported tile floor of a buff hue, and hard-wood. Plastic relief decorations increase the pleasing aspect of this corridor. Oil colors of soft tones that blend with the dark marble and hard-wood have been used.

The foyer decorations are a splendid example of the Empire style. The chandeliers in the foyer deserve to be termed magnificent. They were especially designed for a house furnished in the strict Empire fashion.

There are niches in the wall on the right of the foyer—the right on entering. One of them is on each side of the ladies' parlor. In these niches are settees, which are upholstered in corduroys. They afford handsome and comfortable lounging-places between acts. The seats are the best grade of Andrews' opera chairs. They are made of polished oak wood, are upholstered in rich old yellow plush, have springs, and are not only wide enough to suit all, but are set far enough apart in rows to

avoid any cramping of knees. Three rows in front in the dress circle are upholstered like the orchestra seats.

The boxes are all embraced in the limit of the proscenium arch. This arch is a grand sight. Its grandeur is better appreciated when viewed from the dress circle than beneath. Its soffit is 26 feet deep. The boxes on each side of it emerge from between beautifully proportioned Ionic columns. One of these columns separates adjoining boxes, and another is on the outer side of each box. The columns carry purely classical entablature, which is surmounted by a rich Empire frieze. From the top of this frieze on each side the sounding board rises toward the centre of the arch. The acoustics of the theatre are perfect.

The stage was constructed under the personal supervision of Thomas Harrington. It is 38 feet deep, 68 feet wide and 60 feet high, being 3 feet deeper than the California theatre. It is a completely equipped stage. There are twelve large dressing-rooms. A pretty feature is the brass chain and posts which form the footlight guard.

The school architecture of Stockton is not, as a whole, a matter of which the city can boast. Until recently the buildings, like most other buildings in the city, were more remarkable for strength than beauty. The spirit of improvement which has inspired individuals to modernize and beautify their homes and business houses reached the schools when the Fremont school building was erected. This was so satisfactory that the hand of improvement was next laid on the Jefferson building, which was transformed into a handsome structure. Then the wand of art was laid on the Washington or High School, and it rose one story higher and assumed form more becoming to the modern city of Stockton, and to its beautiful surroundings of beautiful residences, neatly improved streets, and the beautiful little park called Fremont square, its northern *vis-à-vis*.

The architecture of Stockton has undergone much change in ten years. Severe utility seemed the rule a decade ago, but now great attention is paid to ornamentation, and the result in the residence quarters is delightful. With the rise of a few modern residences, taste seemed to change almost at once, and now those who can afford handsome homes seem to have become imbued with a spirit of emulation in that direction. The number of handsome residences that have been built within five years is remarkable in a city that has had a reputation abroad for being almost slow.

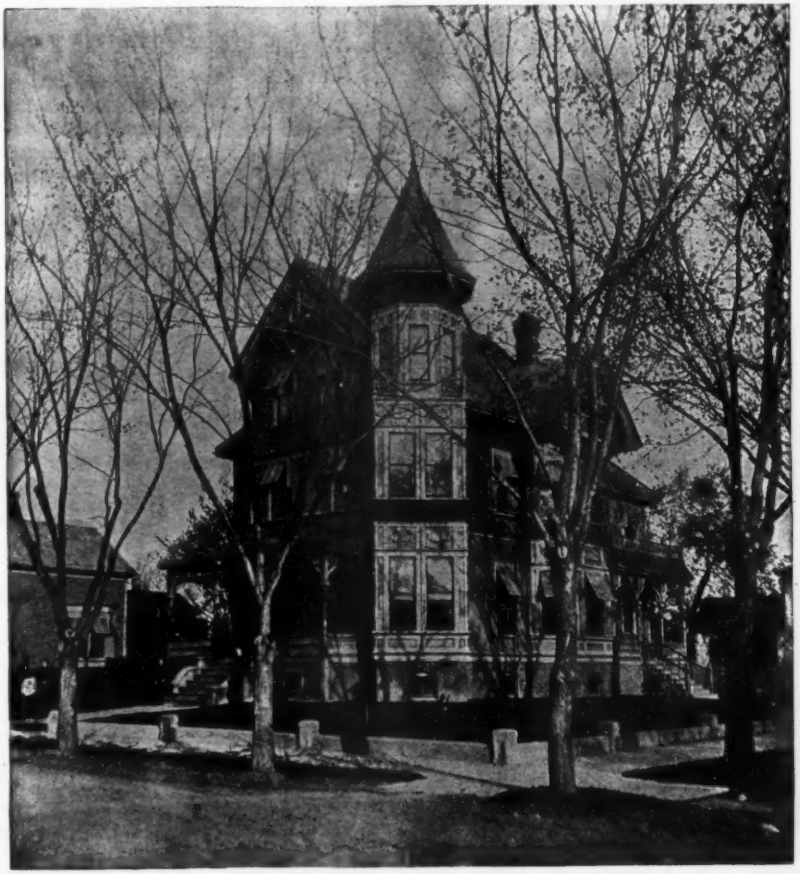
Among the fine residences erected within a few years are those of R. E. Wilhoit, and R. C. Sargent, views of which are printed herewith. J. M. Welsh recently finished a residence which cost him $20,000. E. W. S. Woods and his brother J. N. Woods each erected residences that cost $15,000 each, and the number of those that cost from $5,000 to $10,000 that have been added to the city's homes in a few years is too great to notice in detail here.

Wheat-raising has been the chief agricultural industry of the territory tributary to Stockton. Though farmers have prospered, it is becoming more and more apparent every year that it is not a profitable industry. To escape it, and to secure greater prosperity, an increase of population, and more desirable rural homes, great attention is given to irrigation. One system with about twenty-five miles of canal is now in operation and is working magic changes. The orchard and vineyard, the dairy farm, and the handsome rural residence will soon supplant the great wheat ranch with its wide and lonesome stretches of field, varied but not relieved by occasional shanties. Water, the great resolvent, will soon make the soil yield any kind of a crop in

any season, and fine farm-houses will no longer be moved five, six, and eight miles into Stockton as has been done by ranchers whose families would escape the lonely life. Homes in the country will then be desirable, and the more there are, the more prosperous will Stockton become.

The other irrigation projects are being industriously pushed, and when they are completed, within the present year, nearly every acre of land in the country will be within reach of their waters. This will effect a great change in the city as well as in the farming districts, and the population of the city, which has increased about one-third since the census of 1890 was taken, will more than double itself before another Federal enumeration is made.

Though Stockton is not noted as being in a fruit-raising region, the records of fruit shipments by rail show that it is the third in point of magnitude in the State. These shipments do not include the large amount that goes to San Francisco every day in the fruit season, when a steamer leaves in that trade two or three



RESIDENCE OF R. E. WILHOIT.

hours before the regular daily packet steamer. Eight hours is required for the trip to San Francisco, and fruit and vegetable raisers can send their products to consumers in that city, and lay them on their breakfast tables fresh from the gardens but little more than half a day after they leave the gardens.

There is a large amount of capital in Stockton, and most of its important enterprises have been carried on with the money of its people. Its city and county bonds issued for street, sewer, wharf, and building improvements have been bought largely by its resident capitalists, who, knowing how secure is the investment, have usually bid higher than non-residents. An exception to this rule was found in the recent sale of county bonds for the new poor farm and the re-erection of the county hospital. An agent for the State school fund outbid the local capitalists and thus got them. The indebtedness of both city and county is therefore virtually all due to their citizens.

Stockton's five banks are almost exclusively owned by the people of the county. Of these three doing a general banking business, only one being a national bank, while the other two are savings banks. They are among the soundest and best managed in the country, and in fact Stockton has had but one bank failure in many years, and that was such a small one that it did not cause a ripple in the business world; the bank having almost wound up its affairs before a sudden demand upon it disclosed its weakness.

THE GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL.

Failures in Stockton are rarities in any line. Its business is carefully conducted; most of its business men have been long in the city, and those who are not old residents are trained business men who have recently

been attracted hither by learning of the solidity of its growth, and by having a knowledge of its resources and surroundings. Good and prudent business men have no difficulty in obtaining money with which to do business, but Stockton is a poor place for the mere adventurer. Within the past ten years several such have come here with dazzling schemes to ensnare capital, but after wasting much eloquence have gone elsewhere to succeed where men are more sanguine and have more capital than judgment.

The influence of the combined agencies enumerated have operated to cause Stockton to grow very rapidly within the past few years. In 1880, the census credited the city with 10,287. This was only 221 more than were counted in 1870. In 1890 the increase was 4,096, and the population was given as 14,376. A city census, completed May 5th this year, shows 17,759 inhabitants, an increase of 3,383 in less than three years. All these figures apply to the city proper, which is comprised within the quadrangle two miles square. On the north, the east, and the south, the population has overflowed until there are probably 5,000 people in the suburbs. There is nothing to mark the city from these suburbs. The centres of streets, well lined with residences on each side, form the eastern and southern boundaries. The northern boundary is a street on whose north side lie some of the most elegant residences and grounds in the country, while on each of these three sides the suburbs spread out from a half-mile to a mile, and two of them are thickly covered with the homes of people who earn their bread in the great manufactories within the city limits.

Stockton's situation, at an altitude of only thirty feet above mean sea-

CAPTAIN WEBER'S RESIDENCE.

level, on land that was originally intersected by sloughs or sluggish streams, that in the dry season had little or no current, made the drainage problem a grave one, that grew graver as the years went by, and the population increased. Most of these sloughs and streams have now been filled, and the water diverted into other channels, but no system of sewers was devised to take their place until a few years ago.

A very complete system was adopted, however, and is being rapidly constructed. As the natural slope of the land is very slight, art had to supply the deficiency. The system adopted was that of draining the city sewage into a vast reservoir, and then by powerful pumps lifting the sewage and forcing it through pipes to the San Joaquin River, two miles distant. Rain-water is disposed of in a separate system of mains which flow into the channels of the harbor. The pumping station, located in the southwestern part of the city, is a handsome little building that is furnished with means of consuming the foul gases that arise from the sewage in the reservoir, and no unpleasant odors escape therefrom.

The outfall pipe is provided with outlets, from which the sewage may be taken in the dry season to be used on the land over which it passes for irrigation or fertilization.

Water is supplied to the city by a corporation whose works are located on the eastern border of the town. The source of supply is a large number of deep wells, sunk far below all danger of pollution from the surface. The works have recently been rebuilt, the machinery greatly enlarged, and new mains laid throughout the city.

The streets are illuminated with electric lights, and electricity supplies the power by which street-cars are propelled every few minutes over two lines, one of which is nearly four miles long and the other two miles.

Other lines are to be constructed at an early day, and the shorter of the existing lines is soon to be extended northward and eastward, into suburbs that have grown up within the last three years.

Stockton is only two miles square as its plat is recorded in the county records. Stockton in reality has overflowed those lines a mile to the eastward, a like distance to the southward, and is rapidly extending northward, but its progress westward must be limited to the land lying north of Stockton channel, because that to the south is too low to be desirable for residences. The population of legal Stockton is a little over 15,000 and the population of actual Stockton is nearly 20,000.

Stockton owes much of its prosperity to its location at the head of tide-water navigation. This made it the natural metropolis of the great San Joaquin valley. From this port wheat is transported by water to San Francisco Bay for seventy-five cents per ton, hence vast quantities of wheat and barley find a market here beside that which is used by the mills. Being one of the "terminal points" on the Southern Pacific Railroad, it enjoys lower railroad freights, and these two advantages have operated greatly to its commercial advantage. The advantage of cheap river transportation has made it the greatest lumber mart in the interior of the State, and its grain, lumber, and manufacturing business attract large numbers of people from distant towns, who greatly enliven the retail trade in all lines.

The traffic on the river is so great that one transportation company has thirteen steamers, large and small, almost constantly in commission, another has two large steamers, and besides these there are nearly or quite one hundred other craft that carry lumber, coal, hay, grain, tan-bark, and other bulky commodities hence or bring them to Stockton. There are three miles of improved wharves, and the whole water-front of about

seven miles must, within a few years, be improved by bulkhead wharves to accommodate the increasing commerce.

Another factor in producing the prosperity which Stockton enjoys is its natural gas. It has been known for nearly forty years that inflammable gas could be found at an inconsiderable depth in the earth under the city. That knowledge was not utilized to any extent until 1887, when Jerome Haas, a Pennsylvanian, who had had some experience with gas wells in his native State, sunk a well whose depth is only known to him, within the city limits, and got a flow of gas sufficient to justify him and his associates in laying an extensive system of pipes in the city, and supplying the gas for lights and fuel. This gave great impulse to gas-seeking, and there are now fifteen gas-wells either within the city limits or within a short distance. Some of these supply but few besides stockholders in the corporations owning them, while others sell enough to pay handsome dividends. They range in depth from 976 to 1,970 feet, and from 8 to 12 inches in diameter. The gas is found in heavy flows of water, and is thereby divested of its carbon, which makes it an excellent fuel, but makes it necessary to supply carbon by artificial means to make it a good illuminant.

Among the moral agencies of Stockton, her newspapers must be counted as equal, in their province, to the schools and the churches. The history of daily journalism in Stockton extends back forty years, and is necessarily too long to be fully treated here. The daily newspapers of to-day are the *Independent*, the *Mail*, and the *Record*. The first-named was removed here from San Andreas, Calaveras County, early in 1861. It has had a checkered career, and has changed proprietors many times, but during eight years past has been published by J. L. Phelps and C. L. Ruggles (J. L. Phelps & Co.). Mr. Phelps, who has lived in Stockton nearly twenty-five years, is the editor and carefully guides and controls its tone, and Mr. Ruggles devotes himself to the business management. It has the Associated Press franchise, and is the only morning paper that has endured in Stockton. When Phelps & Co. purchased it, it was heavily encumbered, and had lost some of the prestige which it had won by the ability of its early editors. By careful management, conservative action, and energy, they restored its lost prestige, freed it from incumbrance, doubled the value of its plant, increased its revenues more than double, and have made it one of the best interior papers of California.

The *Mail*, the only evening paper that has enjoyed a career of any length, is a bright, vigorously edited paper. It is bold in its attacks on what it deems wrong, trenchant in its editorial style, light, newsy, and entertaining in its manner of serving local news, and has the air of a thoroughly prosperous paper that can afford to be independent and attack or defend whom or what its editor thinks should be attacked or defended. It is published by Colnon & Nunan, E. L. Colnon being the editor and J. J. Nunan the business manager. They have conducted the paper about seventeen years, and have covered the afternoon field so thoroughly that no competitor has been able to make sufficient inroads on them to enable it to long survive, though many have tried.

The only weekly paper that has outlived a couple of years is the *Record*. It is a lively, gossipy, independent sheet, that aims to "shoot folly as it flies," while also taking a tilt at politics, as its editor feels inclined. It is ten or a dozen years old, and has for four years been published by Denig & Martin. Mr. Denig, the business manager, was one of the original publishers, and has clung to it from its birth. Mr. Martin, a graduate of the *Independent*

office, is the editor, and has brought the *Record* to a higher plane than it ever enjoyed under his predecessors.

In the opening of this article, the founder of Stockton was only incidentally mentioned, but Charles M. Weber deserves more than this from Stockton, for which he has done so much, and for which his widow and his children continue to do everything that in reason can be expected of the most liberal and public-spirited citizens. Captain Weber was the son of a Lutheran minister in Homburg, Germany, and was born in that city February 16th, 1814. He came to America in 1836, and passed his first winter in New Orleans. Having suffered from yellow fever, he sought health in the then republic of Texas, and on attaining it joined Houston's army and fought for Texan liberty. In 1841, while in St. Louis, he read a description of the San Joaquin valley by Dr. John Marsh, who resided there, and with that impulsiveness which always characterized him he set out at once for California, instead of visiting relatives in Illinois, with which intent he went to St. Louis.

He reached Sutter's Fort, near the present city of Sacramento, in the autumn of that year, and spent the winter there as general man of business for the old Swiss pioneer, with whom he became a trusted friend from the moment of his arrival.

In the spring he went to San Jose, formed a partnership with William Gulnac, with whom he prosecuted many enterprises. They built a grist mill, established a store, began manufacturing shoes, and in fact tried to supply all the wants of that then wild and ill-supplied region.

In 1844, he and Gulnac were granted eleven square leagues of land by the Mexican government, being what is now known as the Weber grant. In the settlement of their partnership affairs, this tract was transferred to Captain Weber, whose widow and children still own a large part of it.

In 1847 Captain Weber removed to Stockton and built a residence on the peninsula between Stockton and Miner channels, which is now known as Weber Point. He subsequently built what was in its day the grandest residence in Stockton, which still stands, and a view of which is presented.

In 1850 Captain Weber was married to Miss Helen Murphy. Miss Murphy was the daughter of a pioneer who emigrated from what was then Lower Canada in 1842, and settled in San Jose, where his descendants are among the most prominent and respected citizens. Three children were born to them. Of these, two are now living in Stockton. Charles M. Weber, the eldest, resembles his father greatly in person and character. He is liberal, enterprising, energetic, and wholly unpretending. For some years he resided on a farm in Santa Clara County, and was elected from his district a member of the Assembly. On the death of his brother, Thomas J. Weber, who managed the Weber estate in San Joaquin County, he returned to Stockton. The other surviving child of Captain Weber, Miss Julia, is a young lady of high accomplishment, of retiring disposition, who devotes herself to her mother's comfort, cares little for society, but is universally loved and respected for her amiability and her many other estimable womanly qualities.

Whenever a question arose in Stockton as to what was best to be done for its prosperity, Captain Weber was the first to be consulted. Whenever it became a question of means to be raised, Captain Weber took the lead in contributing. Though almost fiercely jealous of his rights, he was the most kindly and lenient to any who tried to wrong him, once he had conquered the wrong-doer or the trespasser offered to make apology or amends. His career in America had tended to develop those characteristics, for though

wealth was easily acquired in his day and the region where he lived, men often had to defend it with force and arms.

An illustration of these apparently inconsistent characteristics was given when squatters and the heirs of his former partner Gulnac attempted to take possession of the land within his grant. He contested their claims in the courts at an expense that was greater than the property they attempted to deprive him of. When he triumphed, he gave every aid to the squatters, besides forgiving them their offences against him, but he regarded the attempt to take his land as an assault on his integrity, and that to him was dearer than life.

Captain Weber died May 4th, 1881, after a brief illness, of pneumonia. Thus terminated a career of great usefulness, which the people of Stockton remember with deep gratitude. The portrait of the beloved founder of the city hangs in almost every public building and in many private residences. It occupies the place of honor in Pioneer Hall, among the many others that line its walls, and Captain Charles M. Weber will be gratefully remembered as long as Stockton exists and its history is read.

Stockton was for many years the home of David S. Terry, the man who acquired almost a world-wide reputation by two tragic events. In the first of these he killed Senator Broderick, and in the other was killed by David Neagle, a deputy United States marshal, for an assault upon Stephen J. Field, associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. His widow, who acquired equal notoriety by her efforts before her marriage to Terry to establish her claim to be the wife of ex-Senator William Sharon, now languishes, a hopeless maniac, in the insane asylum in the city where her husband was once so much loved and respected.

It was the early home of Josie Mansfield, the beautiful woman who caused the quarrel between Colonel Jim Fisk and Ed Stokes in New York, which caused the murder of Fisk. Her father was the editor of a paper in this city, and was killed by a man whom he had offended by something he had published concerning him.

One of the most prominent characters in Stockton is Thomas Cunningham, the sheriff of San Joaquin County. Mr. Cunningham enjoys the distinction in California of being the only sheriff who has been re-elected ten times. He is now serving his eleventh term in that office, and such is his popularity that he has several times been the only Republican candidate elected during a time of a general revulsion in politics, and has also several times been re-elected practically without opposition. His efficiency as a sheriff is such that but two or three persons who have committed grave crimes during his twenty-one years of service have escaped the penalty of the crimes they have committed in this county. He has entirely suppressed gambling in the county; no prize-fights or other illegal sports are tolerated, and though Stockton is famed throughout the land as a racing centre, the dishonest characters who usually follow the racing circuits avoid this city, knowing that they will be almost certain to be arrested by Sheriff Cunningham or some of his efficient deputies.

Stockton's kite-shaped race-track was the first of its kind on the Pacific Coast, and has been made famous by the large number of trotting records broken here by horses of national reputation for speed.

Among Stockton's attractions are its mineral water baths. In two of these, the water from gas wells flows into large tanks, one of which is over 200 feet long. In these large numbers of people indulge in swimming, and derive great benefit from the medical effect of the water. Another

of these swimming-baths is being constructed, and Stockton will soon be better supplied in this regard than any city on the coast, San Francisco not excepted.

When the irrigation systems now being organized are perfected, the water at the dams will be utilized as power to generate electricity. This will be conveyed to the city to be used as power in manufactories, and as a motive power on several lines of electric railways that are also projected to interior points for the conveyance of freight as well as passengers.

It is not difficult, from all that is here written of existing facts and of enterprises proposed, to foresee a great future for Stockton. As a grain mart with more warehouse capacity than any city outside of San Francisco; as the third shipping-point for California fruit, according to the amount forwarded from here as indicated by the Southern Pacific Railroad reports; as the greatest flour-making point in the interior and the largest manufacturing city, it cannot stand still. The ratio of its growth in wealth and population must continue to increase, until it must in a very few years become one of two or three of the cities in California which will be distinguished beyond all the others for rapid and solid prosperity, peacefulness, morality, and high culture.

Although public improvements and the advance in the value of real estate in Stockton have been rapid during the last few years, the tax levy this year is $1.72 on the $100 on a very low valuation in the "old district," and $1.56 in the new, or those additions that were not embraced within the original corporate limits. Outside of this are the suburbs, which, though virtually part of the city, only pay 72 cents on the $100, and enjoy the advantages of the city's schools.

At the election in May, W. R. Clark was re-elected mayor, a fact which is very rare in Stockton, no one having been re-elected to that office for many years. At the same election three new members were elected to the board of school trustees. The new board will take office in September, and will consist of George C. Turner, H. C. Holman, A. R. Bogue, S. A. Kitchener, and E. W. S. Woods. The last three take the places of President R. E. Wilhoit, L. M. Cutting, and C. A. Keniston. Of the outgoing members, the first two have served many terms in that board, and Mr. Keniston had a long experience as a teacher, several years of which were in this city.

The high school graduates this year a class of forty-two students, which is the largest ever graduated, and the examiners from the University of California speak in high praise of the work done.

The principal, Prof. Robert F. Pennel, who has only held that position one year, was recently elected principal of the State Normal School at Chico. He is the second principal of the high school to be called to an important position in a like school, Prof. A. H. Randall, now of the State Normal School at San Jose, having for several years presided in the Stockton high school.

THE LAST OF THE CLIFF-DWELLERS

("The Early Americans," page 774)